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No. 466.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 24, 1899. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [PRICE ONE PENNY.

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ALL HIS GEESE

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Please cut out for future reference and mention paper

One thing you must do before reading further (if you have not already done it) and that is to order from your newsagent SHORT STORIES for July 8th, containing the opening chapters of "The Angel of the Revolution."

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"PEARSON'S WEEKLY" INSURANCE COUPON.

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Signature .....

Available from 5 p.m., Friday, June 16th, 1899, until midnight, Saturday, June 24th, 1899. For full particulars see page 108.

No. 466.] TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING JUNE 24, 1899. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. [ONE PENNY.

Roll Your Grass Well.

THE effect of rolling is to crush down the bigger plants that flourish among the grass, and to injure the grass itself but little. The bigger plants are mostly weeds, which, if allowed to grow unchecked, would soon choke the more slender grass.

If a footpath across a field becomes disused, it will be found that the grass which grows up in its place is of far superior purity to that in the rest of the field. Constant pressure has stamped out the roots of the weeds and left only the pure grass.

Another advantage of rolling is that it makes the grass grow more thickly. The ground becomes intertwined with a network of plants, and when this has been going on for fifty years or more that rich velvety turf is produced which can be found alone in old park lands that have lain undisturbed by the plough for many years in succession.

Only Cheated Herself.

A WOMAN who has just returned from the Continent, brought home with her some pounds of delicious coffee, which she came across in Paris, the like of which she had never drunk before.

On the way over she made up her mind that she wouldn't pay duty on it, for she felt that no really patriotic Englishwoman can conscientiously pay a tax on coffee, so she made herself a petticoat, and into the lining thereof she quilted the coffee. When the steamer left Calais she put on the garment. To wear it was martyrdom. It seemed to weigh a ton, but she passed the customs house officers successfully, and in a congratulatory mood got into the train for Victoria. Her husband met her at the station. He marked her pale, worn look. As they stepped into a cab she told him the story.

"I wasn't going to let them get the better of me," she said proudly. "Wasn't it a lovely idea?"

Her husband fell back on the seat and roared.

"Lovely!" he said. "Lovely! I should say it was. Why, my dear, there isn't any duty on coffee."

Why Cats Hiss and Spit.

THE hissing and spitting of young kittens, even before they see, was in the first place, probably an attempt to intimidate enemies by making them think that the hole where the helpless wild kittens resided contained a venomous snake.

It is a very curious and remarkable fact that many different kinds of creatures which have their homes in shallow holes have a similar habit of spitting when an enemy approaches. Furthermore, it is probable that the expression of a cat at bay is part of the same instinctive stratagem. We know how general is the horror of the serpent tribe throughout all nature, and hence it seems likely that the serpent-like aspect of the head of an enraged cat, together with its threatening hiss, might disconcert an enemy sufficiently to give an advantage to the cat.

Curiously enough, cats of all species have their tails marked transversely in a way which resembles the marking of serpents, and several naturalists have remarked how similar are the sinuous, waving movements of the tail of an angry cat to the movements of the tail of a snake in a state of excitement. The true tabby cat, when it is curled up asleep, has a curious resemblance to a coiled serpent, and the same is true of many wild cats of different varieties and coming from different parts of the world.

If this really is an instance of protective mimicry, it is possible that the chief foe guarded against was the eagle. Eagles are very fond of cat's flesh, and it has been remarked by naturalists in various parts of the world that these formidable birds habitually make war upon the smaller creatures of this kind.

"I DON'T like this milk," said four-year-old Mabel at the breakfast table one morning.

"Why, dear, what's the matter with it?" asked her mother.

"It tastes like the cow had been eating onions," replied the small epicure.

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My Old Woman and I.

WE have crossed the bridge o'er the middle of life,
My old woman and I;
Taking our share in the calm and the strife,
With the travellers passing by;
And though on our pathway the shadows are rife,
There's a light in the western sky.

Some losses and crosses, of course, we've had,
My old woman and I;
But, bless you! we never found time to be sad,
And a very good reason why.
We were busy as bees, and we weren't so mad
As to stop in our work to cry.

On our changeable road as we journeyed along,
My old woman and I,
The kindly companions we met in the throng,
Made our lives like a vision fly;
And, therefore, the few that imagined us wrong
Scarcely cost us a single sigh.

The weak and the weary we've striven to cheer,
My old woman and I;
For we each of us thought that our duty while here
Was to do as we'd be done by,
In the hope to exhibit a balance clear
When the reckoning day is nigh.

THE smart young man strolled along Margate parade. The seat beside the pretty girl was vacant. Going over, he said:

"Is this seat engaged?"

"No," said the girl; "but I am, and he'll be back in a few minutes. He's gone to get a 'ROYAL.'"

"I REALLY can't afford more than one flower in my hat," she said to the milliner.

"Very well," replied that worthy lady, "where will you have it?"

"Let me see," she answered, "I invariably sit next to the wall in church, so I think I'll have you to put it on the side next to the congregation."

£6,000 for a Pink.

SIX THOUSAND POUNDS for a flower! This is what an American millionaire, Mr. Lawson, known as the Copper King, has just paid for a pink.

The knight of days of old, before taking part in the tournament, frequently received from the hands of his fair lady a rose, or violet, or lily, and if he came forth from the fray unscathed he was not slow in attributing his happy chance to his lady's floral gift.

Indeed, many a knight has risked his life in the arena for so small a gift as a rose because, perhaps, it breathed the love of a lady.

In the case of this American millionaire he was not asked to risk his life for the pink he has secured at so enormous a price, but he purchased it, nevertheless, because the name of a lady was associated with it—his wife.

A Mr. Galvin, florist, of Boston's Back Bay, cultivated a new, enormous, and bewitching carnation, which he promptly named after Mrs. Lawson, first obtaining that lady's permission. The flower took first prize at all the competitive carnation exhibitions, and it so took the fancy of lovers of flowers that one gentleman offered the grower £1,000 for it, while another offered £2,000; but Mr. Lawson gave it out that the flower was not to leave Boston, and wrote the florist the following letter:

"We well know that Chicago has many, many things that our little town has not, and that her great citizens should have about all they reach for, but there are a few things they must do without, and one of these is the beautiful flower you so kindly named for Mrs. Lawson.

"Those of us whose being has been confined to our modest little town, and whose aspirations and ambitions have been acquired from and moulded by her old-fashioned and simple traditions, should not be disturbed or molested in the possession of that love, and the few things we love and understand and that understand us—the flowers—even by the great people of Chicago."

So he made Mr. Galvin two offers, the second being the one accepted, namely, that of £6,000 in English money, for the sole right to the name and the 8,000 plants the florist had of the same flower.

Boot Varnish as a Drink.

WE heard the other day a capital story of a dandified *attaché* at Constantinople, who travelled into Koordistan, intending to copy Layard, and write a book. He was what he called "roughing it," with six or seven horses carrying his necessaries,—*i.e.*, a few things he could not possibly do without.

Among them were the wooden frames for cleaning his boots and shoes, and a case of bottles of a peculiarly fine varnish for his polished leathers.

He was attacked by the Arabs, who overhauled his kit. When they came to the bottles they opened them, and the varnish being made with Madeira, and scented with all sorts of good things, it smelt so nice that the thieves thought it must be something to drink.

In vain did he explain that it was paint for his boots. They were sure it was too delicious for that, and, in order to try, he should drink some; so they took out one of his own cut-glass tumblers, and made him drink a glass of his own boot varnish.

How Doctors Advertise.

THE keen-eyed stranger sidled up to the tall man who was hurriedly looking through his letters.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, "but if I am not mistaken you are one of the physicians of the great author who is lying dangerously ill?"

"I am," remarked the tall man.

"Thank you," said the stranger. "Then I assume that yours is one of the names that appear on the hourly bulletin?"

"It does," said the tall man.

"Thank you again," said the stranger. "And now, what I want to suggest is that you permit me, for a handsome compensation, of course, to add these words at the bottom of each bulletin: 'Use Bulger's Blood Bitters! They fight off disease!'"

"Sir!" roared the tall man, trembling with indignation, "those bulletins are not advertisements!"

"Aren't they?" screeched the peppery stranger. "Then take your own name off 'em!"

And he stalked away, leaving the tall man speechless with rage.

The Scheme Didn't Work.

"I DON'T know whether they do it intentionally or not," said young Jack Kane, thoughtfully, "but somehow these newspapers pass round an awful lot of unreliable information."

"How's that?" languidly inquired his companion.

"Why, I saw in a paper last week that a poor young fellow in St. Helen's borrowed an umbrella of a bank director, and the next day returned it."

"Not true, that!"

"Oh, yes, he did, really," continued Kane; "he walked into the bank the very next day and returned the umbrella. The director was so much astonished that he called the young man back, and made him his cashier at a big salary."

"So I should think!"

"So, you see, as I had got one of the first editions of the same paper, I thought I'd work the same dodge before any of the others."

"Good scheme!"

"So I rushed round to the Royal Bank and asked Louis M'Lean to lend me an umbrella. There was a directors' meeting going on at the time."

"What did old Moneybags say?"

"He said, 'Why, it isn't going to rain for a month yet.' 'I know what I am about,' said I; 'just you lend me an umbrella.' So he told the clerk to let me have one and take ten shillings for security. But that isn't the worst of it. When I looked at the umbrella I'll be hanged if it wasn't the one that M'Lean had borrowed from me two years ago."

Then they both lit cigarettes and mused over the utter unreliability of the press.

WATTS: "Then you don't believe that the man who offers the bribe is as bad as the man who takes it?"

POTTS: "Of course not. The briber has plenty of money."

The greatest journalistic feat of the year! The ROYAL has secured a snapshot interview with the President of the French Republic. Look at the unique photographs in this month's magazine, published June 22nd.

SERIES OF SHORT STORIES.

DORA MYRL, the Lady Detective.

By M. McDONNELL BODKIN.

V.—THE PAUPER'S LEGACY.

For a while she was stunned and bewildered at the change. No wonder. One week she was a petted and pampered heiress, the only daughter of a millionaire; the next a great commercial crisis carried off fortune and father together, and left her a penniless orphan. It is but fair to the dead man's name to say that there was no dishonour in the disaster. Poverty, but not disgrace, was his daughter's heritage.

There are some natures that adversity tests and tempers, as the cold sting of the ice water tempers the steel.

Maggie Norris was not one to sit down with idle hands in her lap to lament misfortune. This slight, pretty, brown-eyed, brown-haired girl had more than the courage of a man. Grief, sudden and sharp as it had been, could not stun her into apathy. She set to work almost at once to make a home and livelihood for herself.

The most despised of her accomplishments helped her. It is the rare talent that pays. She could draw and paint very prettilly, but so could multitude of others. But she had one accomplishment that was unique. In silhouette she had no rival. Give her a sharp scissors and a sheet of thin, black paper and she would give you in return with marvellous distinctness on outline of an animal, a landscape, or a faithful profile of a human face.

She had such a happy knack in catching a familiar and characteristic pose that there was art of its kind in her black outlines. By the exercise of this art she was able, at least, to keep food on her table and a roof over her head, if little more.

Many of her former friends would willingly have helped her; but she refused all aid, and after a time they dropped quietly out of her life. Of those whom the heiress had known in the old days only three remained to the scissors and black paper artist. There was her distant cousin, Frederick Norris, a quiet, good-looking, self-contained young man, whom his friends prophesied would go far. After a brilliant student career he had got the letters "M.D." to his name in the Medical Register. But he had got next to nothing to his name in his bank book. Now and again he came for a cup of afternoon tea to the quiet little sitting-room which Maggie called her studio.

There also came the gay young actress, Carrie Vivian, whose name was already beginning to creep into prominence in the newspapers.

Maggie Norris's third friend was Dora Myrl, the lady detective.

"Oh, I'm getting on, Dora," she said, while her scissors all the time went snip-snap and littered with thin, black shavings the floor of the little room which she had occupied for over six months. "I am getting on; not like you, dear, of course, who have jumped into fame and fortune at a spring. All the newspapers are full of that story of the fiddle."

"The case was as easy as kiss hands, Mag. I cannot tell why they make such a fuss about it."

She drew off her gloves slowly, dropped into an easy wicker-work chair, and watched her friend's nimble white fingers admiringly, and the quaint outlines that grew under her scissors.

"That's what they said to Christopher Columbus, Dora, when he showed them how to make the egg stand. But Christy himself knew. There you are, my dear, guessing one of your riddles."

She tossed over to Dora a scrap of black paper with a wonderfully clever profile of herself. There was a subtle suggestion of intentness in every line of it.

"Have you ever failed yet, Dora?"

"I have never yet got a hard riddle to guess."

"Well, I don't know what you call hard. I could never guess the easiest. You're so clever. I am sometimes frightened at you; but all the same I think I could put you a conundrum that would puzzle even you."

"I can only do my best."

"Isn't it the motive that helps you to find things out. I remember reading in some detective book, 'Search first for the motive.'"

"*Cherchez la femme* is the true reading."

"Oh, of course, but the woman is very often the motive. Seriously, aren't I right; isn't the motive the best clue?"

"That's so," Dora confessed.

"Well, then, I am going to tell you of an offence without a motive."

"You cannot. Every offence has its motive; even a madman has his motive, such as it is."

"Don't be too sure of that till you hear my story out. There can be no possible motive for the theft I'm going to tell you of."

Maggie crossed the room and took a small packet from a locked drawer.

"Here are a bundle of old letters; I think I showed them to you before? No! Well, that doesn't matter; they are from my grand-uncle to my grandmother, written nearly fifty years ago. Like my poor father, he lost his fortune suddenly, and his health followed it. When he was utterly broken down my grandmother, his youngest sister, came to hear of it. She sent him such money as she could spare, or as she couldn't spare—she was not very rich in those days—and comforted him with long, loving letters. These are the replies. She gave them to my mother, and my mother gave them to me. Just listen to the last of all, written just after my mother's birth, and just before the writer's death. I have often cried over it."

She picked up a worn, yellow letter out of the packet, and read with a little catch in her voice:

MY DEAR SISTER,

It was like your own kind heart to think of a poor, broken-down castaway at such a time. Your husband himself was not gladder of the good news than I was. May God bless you and the dear little daughter, and repay you for all your kindness to me, for I never can. I will not trouble you much longer, Emily. Don't grieve for me. My only grief is that I can do nothing to show my gratitude. But if in the next world we are allowed to have a hand in the doings of this, your children and your children's children shall be my dearest care.

As Maggie read the letter her tears fell rustling on the paper; not for the first time, as the blisters showed.

"He died the day this was written," she said softly.

There was silence for a full minute; she had forgotten all about her wonderful conundrum.

"Where does my riddle come in?" said Dora at last.

"Oh, I had forgotten. You see these old letters. They are of no value to anyone but me. It would be foolish enough, goodness knows, to steal the letters, but what do you think of the thief who stole the ragged old envelopes and left the letters behind him?"

"How do you know they were stolen?" Dora asked with sudden seriousness.

"Because I left the letters in a locked drawer with their envelopes on. The lock was tampered with, and the envelopes are gone. I'm a most careless person as a rule. I leave my scraps of jewellery and loose change anywhere and everywhere strewn about, but I never missed anything before. Isn't it a curious case, Dora?"

"Very curious and interesting and exciting. Where do you say your uncle wrote from?"

"I didn't say, but it was from the Mauritius."

"What were the envelopes like?"

"The same paper as the letters, but more torn and worn."

"You are an artist, Maggie. Could you do me a facsimile of one of the envelopes?"

"I think I could. Will a pencil do?"

She cut off a piece of paper about the size of an envelope and slowly traced an address on it in a shaky hand. Then she paused.

"Do you want the postmark and stamp and all that?"

"Yes, everything you remember."

"Oh, I remember well enough. It was the prettiest Queen's head I have ever seen, young, with a slight crown, and the hair done up with three little knobs at the back—this way."

She made a dainty sketch of a queen's head on the paper with a crowquill pen.

"Can you fill in the letters?"

"Well, you want a lot. I cannot remember—yes I do. Mauritius was at the right hand; and, let me see, 'Post Office' on the left. I cannot think what was at the top and bottom."

"But the colour—surely you remember the colour?"

There was a note of intense eagerness in Dora's voice.

"Of course," she answered smiling. She dipped a camel's hair brush in a little porcelain trough of water, rubbed it to a slab of paint in her box, and painted the little sketch of the stamp—a delicate blue.

There was a sudden little cry from Dora. Maggie looked up surprised.

"Why, Dora, how pale and excited you look. I meant my riddle as a bit of fun for you."

"I wish you had shown me those letters with the envelopes on, Maggie."

"Have you guessed anything, Dora? Oh! you have. I see it in your eyes. You have found the thief's motive?"

"Well, yes, my dear old innocent Peggy, I think I may say I have found the thief's motive."

"And the thief?"

"No; I have yet to find the thief."

"Do tell me all about it."

"Well, of course you have heard there are such things as postage stamp collectors?"

"Of course."

"You don't by any chance happen to know one intimately?"

"Oh, no. I have always thought it the silliest of crazes."

"That depends. Now I happen to know a little of the subject, though I am not a collector myself. The stamps on those envelopes are rather fancied by collectors."

"And they are of some money value?"

"Well, yes, I think I may safely say they are of some money value."

"That disposes of the motive. You have guessed my riddle."

"Oh, that was too simple. But I want to guess a little more. I want the thief and the stamps—especially the stamps."

"What do you mean to do about it?"

"In the first place I mean to set a simple, little, commonplace trap in the shape of an advertisement in the TIMES; just this."

She wrote as she spoke:

"WANTED one or more blue Mauritius stamps. The full market price will be given. Strictly confidential."

"You see there are not many of those stamps going, and the collectors are likely to hold what they have. So that the advertisement might fetch the thief."

Luck seemed to be with Dora. Two days afterwards she had a single answer to the advertisement—a very brief and discreet answer, written apparently in a disguised hand:

"State terms and address to X, General Post Office; to be left till called for."

She showed the answer to Maggie, and replied, stating generous terms, and gave the address, Z, General Post Office.

There was no answer the next day nor the next. But on the third day—the first of April as it chanced—there was a thin letter for Z. She tore it open hastily, and found the two words "April Fool," nothing more, written in the same hand still more elaborately disguised.

Dora was puzzled, and carried her perplexities to Maggie.

"That's just what he prophesied," said Maggie.

"He! Who?"

"Why, Fred, of course. I mean Dr. Norris my cousin you know."

"But what did he know about it?"

"Carrie and I were chatting the matter over the other day after you brought me the first answer, you know, and when Carrie told him he said he was sure the thief would never be so silly as to run his head straight into your trap."

Dora's eyes brightened and her lips tightened.

"Oh, she said that he said the thief would trick me. Well, we shall see."

She left the place without another word. For a week there was no sign of her, but at the end of the week a dapper, dark-skinned Frenchman called with a note from Dora to Maggie.

"Dora was too busy," it ran, "to call herself, but she could not refuse a line of introduction to her friend. Monsieur Duval, who was anxious to have some photographic views he had taken of Irish scenery artistically coloured.

"M. Duval," the letter ran, "is rich, and can pay generously, and I believe he will. Besides that, he is a very old and dear friend of mine, so I hope you will be good to him for my sake, and a little for his own. P.S.—I have not forgotten our riddle. I hope to puzzle it out yet. D.M."

Maggie received the dapper little Frenchman kindly for Dora's sake, and liked him for his own. His manner was so unaffectedly bright and pleasant that it was impossible not to like him. He was full of naive curiosity about everything and everybody, and his child-like ignorance of English ways was a constant source of amusement.

He professed himself charmed at the way his photos were being tinted, and persuaded her to begin a little portrait of himself in ivory. But, strangely enough, he could never be coaxed to sit for one of the silhouettes which were Maggie's speciality.

Carrie Vivian met M. Duval at Maggie's studio, and was taken by him at once and carried him off to the theatre and made much of him.

But Dr. Frederick Norris did not cotton to him in the least. About this time Dr. Norris had given up calling at his cousin's studio. His manner, always quiet and self-contained, had grown almost morose, and he talked of flinging up his growing practice in London and trying his luck in South Africa. It was a coincidence that about the same time Maggie's spirits and appetite deserted her. She sighed and moped, and even the sallies of the gay little Frenchman could hardly rouse her.

In spite of his antipathy—perhaps because of it—M. Duval had a curious attraction for Dr. Norris. It would almost seem as if the Doctor followed and watched the gay, unconscious little Frenchman. They were constantly meeting by awkwardly constructed "accident" when M. Duval was visiting Maggie. Though the Doctor was often rude and suspicious, the kind-hearted Frenchman, ignoring his rudeness and suspicion, was the very essence of politeness. One afternoon Dr. Norris ran across him, more abrupt and brusque than ever, as he was leaving Maggie's rooms, and Monsieur was, as usual, charmed to meet his "*très cher ami*."

They walked a little way together, the Frenchman chatting and the Doctor silent. They passed the Doctor's house, and with a manifest effort he asked his companion in.

Monsieur Duval gracefully accepted the ungracious invitation. In the Doctor's den they smoked cigarettes for a while in silence. Then Fred broke out abruptly:

"Would you mind, Monsieur, if I asked you a rude question?"

The other held up his small hands with a pretty deprecatory gesture.

"Monsieur rude! It is impossible!"

"Well, I'll try anyhow. Do you mean to marry Miss Norris?"

"You flatter me by the question, monsieur, flatter me in a way you dream not of. But, alas! mademoiselle is *très* charming. She is deserving of any man's love; monsieur will observe, of any man's love. I, too, love her, but it is not the love she needs. Be very sure, monsieur, if I should offer myself for a husband she refuse, and I do not mean to offer."

"I wish I could be quite sure," said Fred with a sudden cordiality of manner to which the genial Frenchman responded.

He had been fluttering about the room like an inquisitive bird. Suddenly he lit upon a stamp album, half hidden by a pile of books on a side table.

"And this—it is yours?" he said, turning over the leaves rapidly. "It is a very pretty collection."

The Doctor seemed a little confused at the question.

"No, it is not mine," he said hesitatingly; "I believe it is Miss Vivian's. She comes to my den sometimes, and she left that album asking me to look over it."

"Mademoiselle is *esprit de monsieur*, is it not?"

"See here, Duval, you are a decent little chap enough, though I didn't always think so, and you mean no harm; but we don't talk like that of young ladies in this country. If an Englishman said that I'd give him a very different answer."

"But I have my eyes, monsieur, and I see mademoiselle is *très belle*, and she speak low and blush when monsieur speak to her, and she look at monsieur just so."

Monsieur Duval gave a very life-like imitation of "the bashful maiden's side long glance of love."

Norris could hardly refrain from smiling, though he was annoyed, too.

"Hang it, monsieur," he said, "drop it. Don't talk any more of that rot."

"But monsieur will bring the beautiful young lady back her album, is it not?" the Frenchman persisted insinuatingly.

"You may bring it back to the beautiful young lady yourself if you chose."

"I make monsieur a thousand thanks, and he? He will go to prescribe for Mademoiselle Maggie, who is not very well."

Perhaps you don't quite realise what "Half-a-Mile of Park" means? Well, our advice to you is to get this month's ROYAL and learn for yourself.

Then Monsieur Duval slipped out of the room with a French parody of a wink.

"'Cute little chap," admitted Dr. Norris as he followed a moment afterwards, taking the direction of the studio.

Carrie Vivian was delighted to see Monsieur Duval in her own gay little sitting-room; but when she saw the stamp album in his hand her face fell.

"You bring a message from Dr. Norris?" she said.

"Mademoiselle very much admires monsieur the doctor, is it not?"

"Don't talk nonsense," with a very becoming blush. "What's the message?"

"There is no message. He sends back the album; that is all."

"But he has looked through it?"

"No, mademoiselle, he has not; but I have, and I found it wonderful. In it there is a blue Mauritius, the most rare and beautiful. Is it that mademoiselle desire that monsieur the doctor should know how rich she is?"

"Monsieur, you are pleased to be rude."

"Mademoiselle, I will be pleased to be more ruder. The stamp—it is not genuine. It is a forgery, very clever. I, Monsieur Duval, am a detective, and I know it is a dangerous game that you play, mademoiselle!"

"It is a lie," cried the frightened girl. "I myself cut the stamp off a genuine envelope from the Mauritius. I have other envelopes with the stamps on."

"That is not easy to believe, mademoiselle."

"But I can prove it to be true."

"It would be rude to contradict a lady."

"If I show the envelopes will you believe the stamps genuine?"

"If you show me genuine envelopes with stamps on I will believe."

"And you will go?"

"And I will go, oh, most certainly."

She rushed impetuously to a locked drawer and drew out a packet of seven old envelopes. Six had blue Mauritius stamps, the other a square hole where the stamp had been.

Monsieur Duval examined them carefully, took the loose stamp from the album, and fitted it to the place it had been cut from.

"Mademoiselle is quite right," he said, "the envelopes are genuine and the stamps." And he calmly proceeded to put stamps and envelopes into his pocket.

"Pardon me, monsieur," said Carrie with an angry dart at his hands.

"You will pardon me, mademoiselle," he replied dexterously evading her. He drew a facsimile of one of the envelopes from his pocket and held it before her eyes.

"The stamps are not forged, it is true, but it is worse—that they are stolen. I go to restore them to the owner, your good friend, Miss Norris."

Before the affrighted girl could find words to answer him, Frenchman envelopes and stamps were gone together.

He found, as he anticipated, Dr. Norris prescribing for his cousin Maggie who already looked very much the better for his prescription.

"*Ma chère*," he began abruptly, "I am come to say good-bye. It is sudden, but what wish you. My work is done. You will not see Monsieur Duval any more."

"I am very sorry," Maggie began. But he spoke again.

"I have a leetle request before I go. You will make for me the silhouette. Often you have ask and I refuse. Now it is my turn I ask; you will not refuse?"

"I will be delighted; it won't take a moment. Turn your head just like that and keep steady."

She caught up a sheet of black paper and scissors and began rapidly—snip, snap, snip. Suddenly the scissors dropped with a clash.

"Dora!" she shrieked, half crying, half laughing. "It's Dora!"

"Precisely, my dear," said Dora Myrl's voice in the most matter of fact tones. "I guessed your scissors would find me out. It is so hard to disguise one's profile."

"But what did you mean by it?"

"Well, in the first place I wanted to get the doctor to prescribe for you, and then I wanted to get you a handsome fee to pay for the prescription."

She put a tiny packet into Maggie's hand.

"Oh," Maggie cried, "the seven old stamps off my old letters."

"Don't turn up your nose, Mag, at those little scraps of dirty paper. They are more valuable than any substance of the same weight in the known world; diamonds are simply not in it. The last of those stamps that was sold fetched a thousand pounds in the open market. Seven thousand pounds, there or thereabouts, is a tidy little fortune to begin housekeeping on."

"Oh, Dora, how dare you!"

"I have eyes in my head, my dear, tolerably sharp ones I'm glad to say. Maggie, Maggie, what a hypocrite you are. Didn't you often tell me you'd never marry?"

"Oh, no, Dora," Maggie answered, laughing and blushing. "Not that exactly; I said I would never change my name."

"And I guessed what you meant by that, my dear, when I sent Dr. Norris to prescribe for you."

(*Next Week: "The Palmist."*)

"MY husband has a great advantage over most men."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He walks in his sleep."

"I don't see what advantage that can be to a person."

"Why, he can carry the baby all night long and still get his natural rest."

"MY youngest child is only eighteen months old," remarked Mr. Snaggs, "yet he can play on the piano."

"Oh, what are you giving us?" replied two or three in the crowd.

"It's a fact. Just put him on top of the piano, with a few playthings, and he'll play as contentedly as you please for an hour at a time."

BATTLESHIPS IN PETTICOATS.

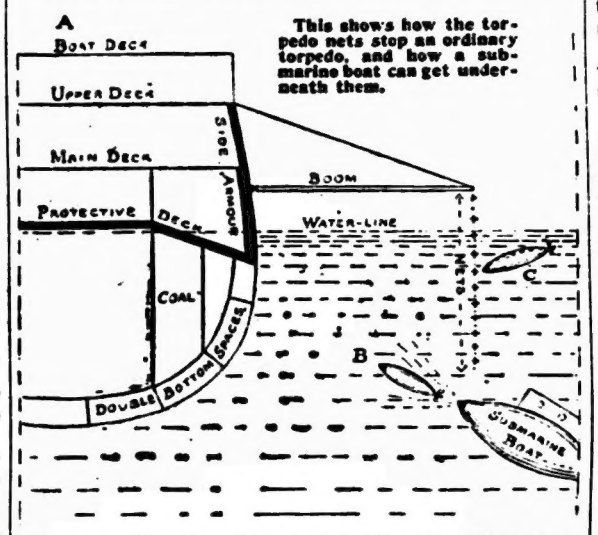
HOW THEY ARE PROTECTED AGAINST THE ATTACKS OF TORPEDOES.

To an unprofessional critic, to whom is revealed for the first time the marvellous constructive details of a modern battleship, nothing appears more strikingly anomalous than the unprotected condition of its underwater portion. Ostensibly the naval architect has here shown himself a blunderer of the first water!

The man who clothes his vessel at the forefront with two inches of the hardest nickel-steel, girdles her waist with a three-inch "protective deck" of similar material, defends her topsides and turrets with six to eighteen inches of solid armour, and then, by a seeming strange inconsistency, finally leaves her outer skin plating below waterline a paltry three-quarters of an inch thick, to be crumpled up and rent asunder like brown paper by the striking of a rock or the explosion of a torpedo—is apparently a very near relative of him who built the proverbial house on the sand.

The naval architect, however, has this advantage over the latter; he is quite aware of the folly, and, having created this Achilles-like monster, he has, from the time of his experimental iron-built and armoured *Warrior* in 1861, been devising schemes to safeguard this vulnerable area.

A second or inner skin fitted at some distance from the outer, and thus forming a perfectly watertight "double-bottom," was an early and successful palliative,



and since 1865 has been universally adopted in large battleships. Although affording almost absolute immunity in event of severe grounding, this plan gave but scanty protection against submarine explosives. Something additional was imperative, as the following significant occurrences, among others, seemed to indicate.

In 1864 a small boat, armed with a gunpowder charge at the end of a long pole, blew up the United States warship *Housatonic* in Charleston Harbour; in 1878 a Russian naval officer successfully torpedoed a Turkish monitor on the Danube. Thus encouraged, torpedo craft grew apace. As a matter of fact, twenty to twenty-five fast boats well equipped with self-propelling torpedoes could be obtained at the price of one ironclad, and a very real danger began to threaten the great floating hulls of machinery.

From 1876 to 1884 the grave problem of protecting the costly armourclads below water stirred the inventive genius of all sorts and conditions of men.

Our own Patent Records of this period illustrate and describe many wonderful devices, both strange and new, for defeating the ever-threatening torpedo. A network of iron springs; vertical iron bars or tubes and iron screens of a trellis-work pattern suspended outside the ship; jointed steel plates manipulated somewhat on the Venetian-blind principle were some of the ingenious notions. To entirely cover the inner floor or bottom of the ship with thick armour, and thus make it equal in resisting power to the heavily-plated sides, was a plan proposed and patented by no less able a naval constructor than Sir E. J. Reed in 1883; this idea, however, found small favour, as the greatly-increased weight of protective material (necessitating a corresponding diminution in coal, armament, and stores) seriously detracted from the fighting value of such a vessel.

But something had to be done, and that quickly, for submarine weapons increased each year in numbers and efficiency. A hanging flexible screen made up of interlacing steel rings, and suspended from booms or poles projecting from the ship's side, was eventually adopted. This was calculated to check and harmlessly explode any floating missile directed against the ship.

Such a "Hieland rig," however, had its critics, and a well known engineering weekly of 1884 thus comments upon the new proposal:

"This apparatus, it is computed, will not reduce the speed of our already-too-slow ships more than two or three knots per hour. This sounds feasible; at the same time it is quite delightful to conceive the idea of our ironclad fleet dressed up in petticoats sitting in state in the middle of the Mediterranean and waiting patiently for the enemy to attack it, the admiral's face bearing a placid smile of content as he watches some of our vessels being burnt in the distance, and thinks what a thrashing he will give those wretched foreign cruisers—when he catches them! . . . What sense is there in putting our ironclads into crinolines, and thereby sacrificing what little efficiency they have?"

Nevertheless, the "petticoats" had come to stay, in the form of a steel cuirass or skirt of mail for the modern man-of-war, and to obviate any loss of speed when under steam the whole of the nets can now readily be drawn up and, together with the booms, be snugly stowed close to the ship's side. When anchored in unfriendly waters they are generally hung out in position, for a modern torpedo, once launched, will travel with tolerable accuracy a distance of 1,000 yards in less than two minutes; so that even with the smartest crew it would be impossible to "rig nets" as a preventive—after danger had been sighted.

Recent years have seen the advent of an improved torpedo with sharp scissors-like cutters at its head and capable of forcing its way though ordinary nets; hence all the latest battleships and large cruisers have been fitted with a heavier and stronger pattern. The price of a complete set of defence nets and booms is between £4,000 and £5,000, and their weight forty tons; as each vessel of the *Formidable* (1898) class costs £1,000,000 and weighs 15,000 tons, the premium paid for such insurance is certainly not exorbitant.

In addition to this impenetrable drapery, a vessel is further safeguarded by powerful search-lights and attendant torpedo boat "destroyers," which combine to keep the surrounding waters tolerably clear of all suspicious strangers.

"Is the costly warship, then, thus elaborately protected, absolutely invulnerable to everything save continued heavy-gun fire?" asks the reader.

Nay, far from it! Even plated, belted and screened she must sink an easy victim to the first engine of war that can successfully attack her from *beneath* the encircling nets, and this is the deadly province of the ideal submarine torpedo boat!

Both European and American Governments have lavished thousands of pounds upon experiments with these mysterious weapons. Each year finds some drawbacks to their efficiency overcome. They can also be built at about one-fortieth the cost of a battleship, and recent accounts of the remarkable performances of French submarine boats at Brest and Toulon seem to herald the probability of a new terror in naval warfare of the near future—unless the disqualifying clause in the Tsar's peace proposals is incorporated into international law.

Against the unseen operations of such craft as these, then, and the equally terrible explosive ground-mines, the modern warship has still little or no protection, and fame and fortune await the naval genius who shall guarantee perfect immunity from such disaster as befell the unfortunate *Maine* in Havana harbour.

A "WOMAN'S RIGHTS LADY" wants the name of the Pullman cars altered either to Pull-man-and-woman or Pull-irrespective-of-sex cars.

BILL: "I don't see any reason for that fellow carrying his head so high in the air."

Jill: "Can it be possible that you have overlooked his collar?"

JOHNNY: "I can't remember the name of that little girl I met at Brighton."

Papa: "You must improve your memory. That little girl had a very common name. Now guess—what happens before meat?"

Johnny: "Sharpening the knife."

MRS. FATPURSE: "You paint pictures to order, don't you?"

Great Artist: "Yes, madam."

Mrs. Fatpurse: "Well, I want a landscape, with a lot of deer, and ducks, and partridges, and pheasants, and cattle, and sheep, and pigs, and so on, you know; and put a lake and an ocean in—fresh and salt water, you know; and be sure to have plenty of fish swimming about, because it's for the dining-room."

100,000 PRIZES,

Valued at £10,000,

ARE BEING GIVEN AWAY.

Full particulars appeared in a recent issue, and will appear again shortly. . . . . .

Those Bushranger yarns in the ROYAL are catching on. Of course you are reading them?

Questions Worth Answering.

Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and Replies at the rate of two guineas a column.

REPLIES.

4576. Why does Letting a Field Lie Fallow Improve its Productiveness?

It has been conclusively shown that wheat, oats, etc., cannot grow unless they are supplied with appropriate compounds of nitrogen in the soil. The most important of these nitrogen compounds are nitrates, which are present in every fertile soil. If a field is never allowed to lie fallow, but crop after crop is grown on it, then the soil gets exhausted of its nitrogen compounds, and the crops get worse and worse. When the field is left to lie fallow the nitrifying bacteroids get an opportunity of converting the nitrogenous organic matter in the soil into nitrates and so enriching it. These micro-organisms only perform their work when the sun is shining on them and when there is a plentiful supply of oxygen in the air. In addition there must be present a salifiable base such as lime, soda, potash, etc. Under these conditions nitrification goes on in every fertile soil when it is left fallow. Amongst modern agriculturalists it is a vexed question whether it is better to let a field lie fallow or supply the nitrates to it artificially. The majority of them nowadays adopt the latter procedure and supply sodium nitrate as a manure to impoverished soils.

4577. Which of the Great Nations was Great for the Shortest Period?

In the ancient world, and perhaps in the whole range of history, the most evanescent national ascendancy was that of the Macedonian Empire, which dominated the known world during a generation practically coincident with the life of Alexander the Great. Rarely so short a period has witnessed conquests so brilliant followed by a disruption so rapid and complete. Amongst modern nations the most fleeting greatness has been that of Spain. It practically dates from the reign of Ferdinand, culminated under Charles V. his grandson and heir, and began its rapid decay under his successor Philip. The close of the sixteenth century saw Spain mighty, rich, and imperial; the close of the seventeenth found her without a navy; her military prestige gone; impoverished in revenue and diminished in population. Long before she was recognised as having slipped from the ranks of the first-rate Powers, Spain had lost all that truly makes a nation great at home or abroad.

4580. Why do some Birds which Fly when Young Lose the Power in Mature Age?

This is best explained by the now generally accepted principle that the life of the individual is an epitome of the development of the race. All birds could probably fly in an early stage of their development, and they have lost the power for various reasons. Some of the larger ground-feeding birds seldom use their wings except for the purpose of escaping from their enemies, and where there are no beasts of prey they have lost them from disuse. Some, like the ostrich, have developed their legs at the expense of their wings, for Nature seems unable to develop one part to excess except at the expense of another, while some that live on small islands have lost the power of flight to avoid the risk of being carried out to sea. Each individual acquires the power of flight as his progenitors did, and then loses it for his present advantage. In very much the same way the chick in the egg develops many complex organs, which are permanent in animals of a lower species, and loses them again, thus indicating the steps by which it has arrived at his present stage of development, commencing from the primordial cell. In some species the power of flight is retained in youth to encourage the distribution of the race, in the same way as some ants have wings for a time to enable them to travel to a distance.

4579. Which English Peerage has Lain Dormant for the Longest Time and then been Revived?

The Barony of Hastings, revived in 1859 after a dormancy of nearly five centuries. The early years of the reign of Queen Victoria were marked by a perfect mania for calling out of abeyance peerages that had been absent from the House of Lords for centuries. Within the space of little more than three years—March, 1838, to May, 1841—no fewer than six of the old titles were restored to the Peerage Roll, of which five had been so long disused that their very names were unfamiliar. These five were: 1, Vaux of Harrowden, created in 1553, in abeyance since 1663, or for 175 years; 2, Braye, created in 1529, in abeyance since 1557, or for 282 years; 3, Beaumont, created in 1309, in abeyance since 1507, or for 332 years; 4, Camoys, created in 1383, in abeyance since 1426, or for 413 years; 5, Hastings, created in 1295, in abeyance since 1375, or for 465 years. It will be seen that the Barony of Hastings was the peerage longest in abeyance. In fact, as the three latest lords who held that dignity before its revival were also Earls of Pembroke, no Baron Hastings of that creation was summoned to the House of Peers later than 1325, so that it was practically absent from the Peerage Roll from 1325 till 1859, or more than five and a quarter centuries. The Barony of Camoys, however, comes very close to it. An existence of forty-three years in the reigns of Richard II., Henry IV., and Henry V., was followed by more than four centuries of abeyance before its revival in the reign of Queen Victoria.

4581. Which is the Heaviest and Loftiest Weather-cock in the World?

The former is to be found on the summit of a tower, 370 feet in height, rising above the Hotel de Ville in Brussels, which is generally accounted to be the most beautiful building in Belgium, and some say in Northern Europe. This is a gilded copper figure of the Archangel Michael which was executed by Martin van Rode in 1454. Although, in consequence of the height of the spire on which it is mounted, this figure looks much smaller than it really is, it is sixteen feet high, and, being of solid metal and hung on a pivot turning with the wind, it is both the largest and heaviest weather-cock in the world. But as there are many higher structures than this on which weather-cocks of smaller size may be placed, it would not be safe to describe this as the loftiest one in the world. For instance, there are weather-cocks on elevated astronomical stations: such, for instance, as Pike's Peak, 14,223 feet, in North America and on the Misti in South America, 19,260, which would answer the latter part of the question, but which, being only light vanes of thin metal, do not answer the former portion.

4582. Which Re-arrangement of Territory is most Likely to Take Place in Europe during the Next Few Years?

A forecast is difficult, for no such re-arrangement of importance has taken place since that of Alsace-Lorraine, whilst the commotion caused by such a trifle as the transfer of Heligoland to Germany, coupled with the jealousy shown by the Great Powers regarding the division of territory in other parts of the world, indicate the convulsions which would follow or precede any alteration in the political map of Europe. Changes, however, are most probable in the East, where Turkey may fall either to Russia or to a Balkan State under her protection, with perhaps a neutral strip along the Bosphorus; and in the West, where it is not impossible that Spain and Portugal may merge into an Iberian Republic, with some loss of territory in favour of France upon the existing frontiers of the first-named. A revolution in Austria-Hungary, following the decease of Francis Joseph, may also open the way for an exchange to be arranged by neutral Powers, giving the Germans the present Austrian-Teutonic territory, against the return by them of the Rhine provinces to the French Republic—provided that the latter maintains its stability.

4588. When was Revenue First Raised in this Country by Means of Customs and Excise Duty?

Although first collected in England by Ethelred II. in A.D. 979, it was not till the thirteenth century that the King's claim to the customs was established by grant of Parliament. Two of the principal duties were those on wine, payable in kind and called *prisage*, and on wool, the chief source of the country's wealth, named *maletote*. At first, much uncertainty prevailed as to what amount should be levied; but in the year Parliament granted the King a fixed amount on wool skin, and leather. This grant, which was called *custuma magna et antiqua*, is the constitutional foundation of the customs. As regards the Excise Duty, although it is generally supposed that this tax was not levied until the time of the Civil War, the later Angevin kings had doubtless recourse to an impost of this nature for raising funds. It was, however, in 1643 that the first real Excise Duty was levied. This tax, which seems to have originated from Holland, "extended," says Lingard, "in its infancy to beer, cider, perry, wine, oil, figs, pepper, salt, soap, strong waters, and even flesh, whether it were exposed for sale in the market, or killed by private families for their own consumption." Now, of course, it is almost confined to British spirits and malt liquors.

4589. Is there any Great Distinction between the English and the Scotch Systems Dealing with Crime?

There are more than one, but the principal difference consists in the constitution of the jury, and the different verdicts which may be delivered under varying circumstances. An English jury consists of twelve men. Their verdict must be unanimous, and it must be "yes" or "no," that is to say, "guilty" or "not guilty." The Scotch jury consists of fifteen, the verdict goes by the vote of the majority, and it may be "guilty," "not guilty," or "not proven"—as it was, for instance, in the notorious Ardlamont case. This, of course, constitutes a difference in absolute essentials. If one man on an English jury holds out, the jury has to be discharged, and the case must be retried before a fresh jury, whereas on a Scotch jury if eight men agree after three hours' discussion, their verdict settles the case. Another considerable difference consists in the fact that the office of Public Prosecutor is much more of a reality in Scotland than it is in England. There are, in fact, two Scottish Public Prosecutors; the Lord Advocate in the Court of Justiciary, and the Procurator Fiscal in the Sheriffs' Court. In consequence of this difference, it happens that nearly all important criminal prosecutions in Scotland are undertaken by these officials at the public expense, while in England a much larger proportion of such prosecutions are undertaken by private individuals. Again, nothing in English law provides for the defence of accused persons. In Scotland, this provision is made. Lastly, in an English prosecution, if a prosecuting Counsel is an officer of the Crown, he may claim the last word. In Scotland, this right belongs to the Counsel for the defence.

4590. Is it True that no Negro has ever been Known to Tame an Elephant, or, indeed, any Wild Animal?

If such be the rule it must have many exceptions. Not only have negro tamers been frequently in evidence onwards from the time of those who took charge of the wild beasts of the Eastern Roman Emperors at Constantinople, but the black races of negroid type bordering the Zambesi reckon their wealth by cattle who must originally have sprung from wild progenitors domesticated by the ancestors of the existing owners. As to the elephant, the African species is particularly difficult to tame, and there is, moreover, no inducement for the negro inhabitants of the districts it frequents to attempt to subdue it in that way. On the contrary, it has always been their interest rather to kill it for the sake of its ivory, its hide, or its flesh, any of which would be of infinitely more service to them than the animal itself could possibly be if tamed, but that they have never been known to tame it, as well as other wild animals, does not appear to be proved.

QUESTIONS.

4611. What are the respective uses of the simple and the compound eyes of insects?

4612. Does there exist in any European country such a thing as imaginary money used only in simplifying accounts?

4613. Is there any gesture common to all races?

4614. Why is a lawyer's fee usually six shillings and eightpence or thirteen shillings and fourpence?

4615. Is there such a thing as "a modern dead language"?

4616. What was the origin of the double-headed eagle in the arms of Russia and Austria?

4617. Which is probably the most important instance of double-dealing in the history of the world?

4618. Which European nation gained in the end most benefit from the Crusades?

4619. Has any plant disappeared from the sight of man for centuries and then been found again?

4620. Have British war-ships ever been employed as food transports for a starving people?

CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print the best reply to each question, and shall pay at the rate of two guineas a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

MR. FOGGS: "Boggs says he can't open his mouth in his own flat."

Mrs. Foggs: "Gracious! Is the flat as small as that?"

"REMEMBER," said the good man, "that there are sermons in stones."

"Not in those that you run against with your bike," retorted the cynic, and the argument was necessarily at an end.

GRANDPA: "Don't get frightened, Willie. The tiger is about to be fed; that's what makes him jump and roar so."

Willie (easily): "Oh, I ain't afraid of him, grandpa. Papa's the same when his meals ain't ready."

OLD FARMER: "That's a fine lot of pigs over there. What do you feed them on?"

Amateur: "Why, corn, of course."

Old Farmer: "In the ear?"

Amateur: "Certainly not; in the mouth."

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A snapshot interview with M. Loubet, the President of the French Republic, appears exclusively in this month's ROYAL (ready next Thursday).

EXERCISING WITHOUT MOTION.

MECHANICAL GYMNASTICS AS SEEN BY *P.W.*

P.W. recently went over an institution in London where people in the prime of life, and even very old veterans, may take exercise of the best possible kind without putting themselves out in the least, a condition which aged people will always readily accept. This desideratum is obtained by a series of mechanically-propelled or electrically-driven machines, either power taking the place of human energy.

There were originally some seventy or eighty of these curious and marvellous machines, corresponding to all the various movements known to bring into play all the vital parts of the human body, but only some forty or fifty are used, each having its own particular mission. The system is called the Movement Cure. Some of the machines are active, that is to say, depend on the person exercising for movement, but the great bulk of them are passive, requiring no human exertion whatever, yet affording you all the benefits of the exercise.

A great favourite with our elders, and even children, is the horse-back riding machine. You take your seat in the saddle just as if you were astride a horse, the machine is set going, and, lo! you are off at a trot, a canter, or gallop at once. The sensation is precisely that of horse-riding, and you don't escape the bumping familiar to riders.

Another frequently called into requisition is the back percussion machine. It is a pedestal machine this, the top part being contracted with a series of little cloth-covered hammers arranged all in a row, their heads being curved outwards so as to more easily come in contact with your back when you stand against the machine. The force of the blows given by the hammers is just sufficient strength as to make one wonder where the fun comes in, yet no inconvenience is felt, on the contrary, and we speak from personal experience, the exercise is extremely exhilarating and soothing to the whole of the region of the back, the action of the treatment creating a warm glow which is at once refreshing and very invigorating.

When a venerable aunt or gouty uncle is on the foot and ankle machine young nephews and nieces are apt to enjoy the fun immensely, but when the youngsters themselves come to have a turn, just to see what it's like, their merriment ceases, and drawn faces make their appearances, and they then understand why their venerable relatives looked liked martyrs. This machine consists of a cushioned stool about twenty inches high, which moves up and down at the rate of many hundred vibrations a minute. Your old friend sits in front and places his lower limbs on the cushion, when the machine is set going, and he is jogged up and down at a tremendous rate to the accompaniment of the whirring sound of the machinery.

Vibrations are applied to the spine by means of a series of rubber fingers similar to those on the back percussion machine. These fingers can be made run up and down your back while tapping away at your spine at an inconceivable rate, something like a thousand vibrations a minute.

A very well-patronised machine is the head machine. Here again we have the rubber fingers in evidence, but this time they are arranged to move up and down and deliver light taps on the top of your head at an astonishing rate per minute. Old people generally habitually complain of pains somewhere about them, and this form of exercise is intended to remove pains from the head; but this machine can be adjusted to strike any part of the body.

Being well on in years and not given to over much exercising, say, you wished to give your head a little of this soothing treatment. You stand in front of the machine and hold your head in position so that the little thumbs can rain down on it. The rubber fingers move very much like the fingers of a pianist, only very much faster. The repeated blows, given in quick succession, cause the blood to flow much more rapidly and the congested feeling soon disappears.

The kneading machines are extremely interesting and curious. There is one for the treatment of obesity, an ailment which follows closely on the heels of want of exercise. The kneading motion tends to force the fatty secretions into the veins, and the assisted and more rapid circulation carries them off and replaces them with solid tissue.

The flection machines, too, are well patronised by people who from many causes have either neglected or have not been able to take exercise. The most important of these are the trunk extension and the trunk sideways machine. The first named is weighted with large discs which govern the strength required and can be adjusted to an ounce.

You stand in front and throw over your shoulders a strap which is connected with the weight balances, and you pull against the resistance offered by the machine, using only your head and shoulders. This brings into prominent play all the muscles back and front of the body.

Exercising on the trunk sideways machine is easy and pleasant. It is a passive movement. You sit in a raised chair, the back of which is so constructed that it rocks from side to side when the machine is set in motion, this being kept up as long as you wish. To keep yourself in position, you throw your arms behind two supports projecting from the upper part of the back of the chair.

THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION STARTS IN SHORT STORIES FOR JULY 8.

ALTHOUGH a woman may possess
The daintiest foot in town,
You'll find it quite immovable
When once she puts it down.

TO most young lady novelists
We drop this serious hint,
They look better far in muslin
Than they ever do in print.

THE girl who keeps her birthday,
When a merry little elf,
Keeps it still when she grows up,
But keeps it to herself.

IF you call a man a lion,
He will always be your friend;
But just hint that he's a bear, and
He will hate you to the end.

LITTLE Miss Muffet (who sat on a tuffet)
Went out to play golf one day,
But there came a beginner,
Who swore like a sinner,
And frightened Miss Muffet away.

THE first fly of spring
On hilarious wing
Flew about in a manner quite devious,
When a sudden chill wind
Knocked him silly and blind—
He was punished for being too previous.

MAN'S inconsistency is here
The subject of my verse,
For when her lover he would sigh
To be her dainty purse.

But now he makes the air look blue,
As certain husbands will,
Whenever she presents to him
Her millinery bill.

SOME strive for this, some toil for that,
Some work for fame and some for gold;
Some toil for bread, some toil for meat,
And some for love, so we are told.
Some toil for funds with which to pay
Off debts contracted long ago,
And some there are who toil away
To spend a little here below;
But often it befalls that he
Who labours till his pulses throb
Is only scheming day by day
To get some other fellow's job.

YOUNG Cupid lost his way
And came to me to find it;
He'd been a truant all the day
But didn't seem to mind it.

I put him in a hansom, then,
For home, and paid the cabby;
But my reward was what most men
Would call extremely shabby.

He got his bow and arrows out
And pierced my heart, nor tarried,
But drove away ere I could shout
"Good gracious! child, I'm married."

LOUISA LAKE
Claimed she could bake,
So for her sake
A little cake
Called "snowy flake"
I once did take.
Result—no fake—
An awful ache
Kept me awake
Without a break.
I trow no snake
Nor fiery stake
Nor torturing rake
Could make such ache.

"COME into the garden, Maud,
For the wintry days have flown;
Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how things have grown.
I have planted pansies and sweet peas
And morning glories there—
Come into the garden, Maud,
And see how my seedlings fare."
He took her little hand in his,
And they sauntered out to see,
And not a pansy had come up,
Nor a solitary pea;
He took one look around, and then
He wildly tore his hair—
His next door neighbour's chickens had
Preceded Maudie there.

ORDER A COPY OF YOUR NEWSAGENT TO BE RESERVED FOR YOU. ONE PENNY.

THE JIGGER AS A GLOBE TROTTER.

THIS FEARFUL LITTLE INSECT IS BITING AND JUMPING ITS WAY ROUND THE WORLD.

THE jigger, one of the insect pests of the West Indies and South America, has at last crossed equatorial Africa from the Atlantic to Zanzibar, about 2,700 miles, twenty-seven years after its introduction into the continent.

This variety of the flea, much smaller than the common flea, is very troublesome, and if its attacks upon a few animals, including man, are not prevented, it is sometimes fatal to life. The fact that its gradual advance among the natives of Africa threw them into consternation, often causing the abandonment of villages and districts, has made it easy to trace its progress step by step, and a brief summary of its journey across Africa will be interesting as a striking illustration of insect navigation.

A sailing vessel arrived at Ambriz, Angola, in September, 1872, from Brazil with sand ballast, which she dumped on the beach. The jigger had crossed the ocean in this sand and its propensity for boring through the skin and lodging between the cuticle and the flesh soon made its presence known.

There are effective means of preventing its attacks; but before the natives learnt how to deal with it the little pest caused great suffering. It was long ago evident that the jigger was not using its own powers of locomotion to any large extent in its journey through Africa, but that it was carried by caravans.

In 1885 travellers crossing the continent from Zanzibar heard nothing of the jigger till they arrived within 300 miles of the Atlantic. It had taken the insect thirteen years to penetrate this distance into Africa.

The natives of Stanley Pool had witnessed with sorrow the advent of the unwelcome visitor that abided with them, but sent on colonies further up the river. Thenceforth the jigger's progress was more rapid, for steamboats and caravans were multiplying on the Upper Congo. Seven years later, in 1892, Dr. Oscar Baumann reported the arrival of the pest at Bukumbi Gulf, midway on the south coast of Victoria Nyanza.

It was still unknown on the east shores of the lake. The natives declared that it had been brought to the west coast by Stanley's expedition for the relief of Emin Pasha. However that may be, the jigger appeared about the same time throughout most of the central lake region, following the caravan route from the upper Congo through Manyeina to Lake Tanganyika.

The natives along the edge of the Victoria Nyanza suffered terribly from the infliction, and many villages were abandoned.

Three years more elapsed before the missionaries at Mpwapwa reported the arrival of the jigger among the mountains at that point, 200 miles from the Indian Ocean. It took the insect two years more to reach the coast towns of East Africa, where it appeared almost simultaneously, late in 1897, at all the towns between Bagamoya and Pangani, along seventy miles of the coast, and another year elapsed before, late last fall, it was jumping along the sands of Zanzibar island.

The people of the east coast have suffered comparatively little in comparison with the inland tribes, for hundreds of Zanzibaris who had worked for years on the Congo have returned home and spread the information that rubbing with tobacco leaves and, above all, cleanliness and the wearing of shoes, are effective protection against the jigger.

After its long journey from Brazil the jigger is now established at the busy mart whence many vessels sail for the East Indies and Oceanica. There seems no good reason why this persevering and successful traveller should not girdle the tropical world.

"WHEN my typewriter girl went away, what do you think?"

"Well, what?"

"She left a note for the new girl, telling her I was very shaky in the use of 'shall' and 'will.'"

Something Fresh in - - - Magazine Enterprise.

MOST people know what a stereoscope is, although it is surprising how few have had the chance of really appreciating the beauty of a picture properly seen through one. By properly we mean properly focussed, so that the figures look real and life life, and no longer merely images in black and white.

In order that all may have such a chance there will appear in the July number of the ROYAL MAGAZINE, published on Thursday next, no fewer than twelve perfect stereoscopic slides. All that you have to do is to cut them out and look at them through a stereoscope. They are interesting subjects; in fact, you will get for threepence, in addition to a splendid magazine, fully *six shillings' worth of stereoscopic slides.*

The modern stereoscope, capable of proper focussing, can be bought for half-a-crown. In case, however, you find any difficulty in doing so, all you have to do is to send us two shillings, and we will send you a half-a-crown stereoscope post-free.

Those Bushranger Stories in THE ROYAL get more and more exciting as time goes on. This month's story is splendid, and you must not miss it.

THE CRICKETING CRANK ON THE WAR-PATH.

HE BELIEVES THAT VEGETARIANS MAKE THE BEST PLAYERS, AND THAT CRICKET IS DETERIORATING.

WE are now in the middle of the London cricketing season.

Providing the weather decides to adhere to the climatic conditions associated with this period of the year, crowds of people from all parts of the metropolis will daily journey before noon either to Lord's or the Oval, and plank down their admission money with a cheerfulness precluding any suspicion of that poverty which somehow attaches to people who appear to have nothing to do in the world but attend cricket matches.

Now, who and what are the people who follow our national pastime so assiduously that they have come to be known as "regulars"?

We are all aware that the growing wealth of this country is yearly swelling the ranks of the rich leisured class to be found in all countries, but as it is doubtful whether many, if indeed any, of these are to be numbered in the crowd which invariably seats itself round the ground before a match begins, one is driven to the conclusion that we have in our midst a hitherto unsuspected class composed of persons who regard the witnessing of cricket matches as absolutely indispensable to a proper enjoyment of life.

Entomologists, as a rule, are so sensitive concerning their hobby that they take infinite pains to avoid public attention. Not so the cricketing regulars. On the contrary they court recognition, and if, before the game begins or during the interval, they can find an audience, they will hold forth on the game and the merits of the players engaged with a confidence and authority surprising to witness, considering that most of these enthusiasts will admit, if pressed, that they do not play the game themselves.

Take, for instance, the attitude these folk assume towards Grace. The champion has been the cricketing idol of the British public for the past twenty-five years, but the regulars, although they would expect the sun to drop out of the sky if they missed a match in which he was engaged, profess to regard the leviathan as nothing more than a fair bat.

In placing a ball, he "pushes it," they say, and his wrist play they moreover aver is defective. He keeps his wickets up and gets runs, it is true, but he has never, not even in his prime, been able, save on rare occasions, to play the bowling with the ease a good batsman should show.

But this attitude is not confined to Grace. The Australian team are not spared in the strictures they lavish on all those basking in the sunshine of public favour.

The curious twist which Noble gets on his balls they affect to regard with scorn. It is only Peate over again they will say. When our men have mastered this trumpery swerve, very little more will be heard of Noble.

"Mark my words," another will say, "Jones is playing to the gallery. Long before the season is over the pace will have gone out of his bowling."

On the other hand, Laver, the slow bowler who has been a good deal knocked about, they declare to be head and shoulders above any English slow bowler at present before the public.

The cricketing critics, indeed, at Lord's and the Oval are never more pleased than when picking holes in the playing of established favourites, except when dilating on the merits of players the public knows little about. Give them an opportunity of prophesying what some unknown wielder of the willow will do when his chance comes, and they positively become radiant. The moment, however, the merits of the dark horse becomes known, the cricketing expert drops him and looks about for a fresh subject.

Before Richardson achieved his great reputation, he was a warm favourite with the regulars, but they shake their heads gloomily whenever his name is mentioned now. "The sting is all gone," they will tell you, and, what is worse still, he has been "found out."

To publicly declare that they are on terms of the greatest intimacy with some crack player is a craze quite as popular.

Last week at the Oval we chanced on a little knot listening attentively to a gentleman who with much headshaking was declaring that the true history of Stoddart's Australian team had yet to be written.

The crowd looked so indignant when someone more incredulous than the rest asked for particulars, that the gentleman was able to glide without let or hindrance into a description of the grief felt by poor Grace at his son's persistent and increasing dislike of the game.

"I shall never forget," said this cricketing Ananias, "how the tears welled up in the eyes of the old man as he told me how his son had actually offered to bet him a sovereign that he did not make 500 runs this season."

Recently at the Oval we heard a gentleman declare "that he entirely attributed Hayward's form this season to his having followed his instructions as to diet."

According to some of the fortunate folk enjoying the confidence of first-class performers, vegetarian cricketers are coming to be known in connection with the national pastime. One of the officials of Lord's recently informed us that it was quite a common thing for him to be asked whether So-and-So was not a vegetarian.

A gentleman declared one afternoon recently that he attributed the success of Jones, the Australian, in fielding to his abstention from meat.

"It stands to reason," urged this disciple of green stuff, "that no meat-eaters could exhibit the lightning agility that Jones does."

When we assured him that, if he had looked into the dining-room an hour before, he would have seen Jones busily sampling some of our primest beef, he flew into a violent passion.

"Rubbish! Meat, indeed, when I, his bosom friend, know that he has never touched meat in his life."

The cricketing public so love to be regaled with stories of the private lives of great cricketers, that regulars with powerful imaginations are certain of good audiences.

Some regulars enact the part of boon companions of popular favourites.

"Confound the fellow," one will say as his friend hits a ball up or muffs a catch. "I shall have to tell him that these late suppers won't do."

One of the most curious regulars who has come under our notice is a gentleman who, though a great lover of the game—at least he declares that he is—makes a point of finding fault with all bowling, batting, and fielding.

"Cricket is deteriorating," he will declare; "if it were properly played, such things as centuries would be unknown. Where would the bats be but for the splendid wickets, and as for the bowlers, there are so few good ones about that they are all worked to death. Anyone can make his 100 in cricket matches now."

Then there is the eccentric whom we firmly believe goes to a match in order that he may jump to his feet when any player is given out leg before and loudly declare that the decision was an unfair one. This gentleman invariably seats himself behind the wicket and when the ball strikes the pad and the cry comes "How's that?" and the umpire says "Out," the crank waxes indignant.

"Why, my good gracious me!" he will exclaim, "the ball had so much break on it that it would have cleared the leg stump by six inches."

And should anyone be of opinion that the umpire ought to know more than the spectators another regular will hint darkly "that umpires have their likes and dislikes."

Nothing enrages the regular who finds fault with anything and everything, more than the batsman arriving at his ground to pat the pitch or remove something on which his eye has alighted.

"Look at that fellow," he will say; "what's he looking for? Does he expect to find a brick-bat? Why does he not confess he is dead out of form?"

FOGG says that should any one ask him the meaning of the word "ambiguous" he would point to this sentence, "The merchant failed to make money."

"MY lawyer ought to be here instead of me," the burglar said, through his cell door, to the warder.

"You robbed the house, didn't you?"

"Yes, but the lawyer's got all I took. If he's got the plunder, why am I punished?"

"THERE is something very mysterious about these meteoric showers," said Mr. Blykins.

"There is," answered his wife. "I can scarcely realise that a man who gets so provoked when the baby wakes him for a few minutes will sit up all night looking at the sky without a murmur."

JONES: "Rather an odd kind of contest that!"

Smith: "What contest are you alluding to?"

Jones: "A friend of mine was just telling me that at a fair in Bedfordshire the people voted a silk hat to the wickedest man in town."

Smith: "Indeed! Which won—the milkman or the coal-dealer?"

MRS. MILD: "You seem to differ from the usual idea about coddling a man to win his consent. According to your theory, scolding is the best medium for winning satisfactory results."

Mrs. Wild: "That, my dear, is in accord with one of the laws of nature. Everything has to be blown up before it will 'come down.'"

THE GREAT AIR-SHIP STORY!

Those readers who wish to enjoy a really good serial story, full of exciting incident and novel ideas, should go at once to their newsagent, and ask him to reserve a copy of SHORT STORIES for July 8th. We would not suggest this but for the fact that the demand for this number of SHORT STORIES will be colossal, and the number cannot, under any circumstances, be reprinted. July 8th SHORT STORIES will contain the opening chapters of Mr. George Griffith's celebrated romance,

"THE ANGEL OF THE REVOLUTION."

Where Law is a Farce.

THE constitutional law of the United States is set forth with marvellous clearness, and, in the abstract, is a model of what constitutional law should be. But in practice it is shamefully degraded, especially in the wilder districts, where the federal authority is very lax indeed.

For a long time past in the back territories, and notably in great districts such as Texas, law has been brought into ridicule, and the revolver has had far too much to do in shaping the decisions given. Not only so, but the law, however ably defined, has no hold upon the lawless communities, and lynch-law (in other words, mob-law) seems the only possible substitute, while the powerlessness of the authorities to deal with armed criminals is notorious.

His Idea of the Process.

"As I understand it," said the heathen, "you propose to civilise me?"

"Exactly so."

"You mean to get me out of habits of idleness and teach me to work?"

"That is the idea."

"And then lead me to simplify my methods and invent things to make my work lighter?"

"Yes."

"And next I will become ambitious to get rich, so that I won't have to work at all?"

"Naturally."

"Well, what's the use of taking such a roundabout way of getting just where I started. I don't have to work now."

The Corpse Plant.

THERE is a very remarkable plant which grows in the colony of Natal. Its popular name is the Corpse Plant. It grows to a very considerable size, and its principal feature is a bell-shaped throat something like the flower of an arum lily, but much larger and deeper, and opening into a hollow stem.

It is almost black in colour, and covered with a thick glutinous secretion. Its principal characteristic is its loathsome odour, strongly resembling that of decaying carrion.

By means of this it attracts carrion-feeding birds to it. Once they alight on it they are lost. Their claws become entangled in the secretion, the bell-shaped mouth folds up, and they are literally swallowed, feathers and all, and digested by juices secreted in the throat of the plant.

Hitting a Nail on the Head.

"PAPA, what is meant by always hitting the nail on the head, in daily life?"

"It means simply, my son, that you come directly to the point in all your dealings with the world."

"But how, papa?"

"Well, let me see. Hum! Ah, I have it. Run out to the shed and get me a nail, a hammer, and a block of wood."

"Here they are, papa."

"Very good. Now I will place the block on my knee, so. Then I will hold the nail all ready for being driven into the block—so. Now, take the hammer and strike the nail directly on the head, and it will enter the block. If you strike all round the nail without hitting it, your blows will be wasted. Are you ready, my son?"

"Yes, papa."

"Then strike."

* * * * *

"Put the arnica bottle back in its place, and then spend the rest of the afternoon doing sums. If I catch you shirking, I'll thrash you within an inch of your life. Do you hear?"

Abating a Nuisance.

AT a town of Hungary certain ladies not long ago adopted the habit of taking to the theatre huge plush bags of loud colours, in which they carried all their miscellaneous belongings—such as opera-glasses, gloves, handkerchiefs, smelling-bottles, and sweetmeats. These bags they were accustomed to hang over the ledge of the dress-circle, with a picturesque and not wholly unpleasing effect.

The fashion spread among the lower classes, and soon every servant-girl in the street appeared with a plush bag in her hand.

Nobody carries them now. A short time ago the officers of a regiment quartered in the town for several successive nights bought up all the front seats in the dress circle, and turned up at the performance carrying on their arms an ordinary forage bag, which they slung over the ledge in imitation of the ladies.

The joke created no little amusement, and roars of laughter shook the house when the officers produced from their bags opera-glasses, sweets, handkerchiefs, and here and there a tobacco-pouch or a snuff-box. Since then the plush bags have disappeared from the horizon.

If you are a cyclist, the article in this month's ROYAL entitled, "A Crop of Curious Cyclists" will interest you deeply.

WIRELESS WIRES FROM BRAIN TO BRAIN.

THIS SCHEME, IF DEVELOPED, WILL ABOLISH TELEGRAPH AND TELEPHONE.

EVERYONE has heard of the wonderful wireless wires, even if they don't understand anything at all about them. Probably, indeed, but few people really grasp how it is they work, and this fact should give the present article a special interest.

Since the wireless wires have become popular, and caused the man in the street to gape mentally, and even, in some cases, to revise his notions as to the latest traveller being the most wonderful liar in the wide world; since then, we say, there has been recalled from the limbo of lost ideas a theory, which, formulated by a distinguished man of letters, and the friend of Huxley, Darwin, and Tyndall, is strikingly borne out by Marconi's discoveries; though, as a matter of fact, the theory was first published before that scientist or his greater predecessors, Clarke Maxwell or Hart, had been heard of.

Briefly, it is that our brains themselves send wireless wires; that is, that occasionally, and under the stress of great emotion, they act on almost precisely the same lines as one of Marconi's instruments. How these do act we shall make quite clear in a minute. First there is a fact much in the theory's favour to be stated.

From time immemorial down to the present there has been a certain group of human experiences which psychology has been utterly unable to account for. These, for want of a more accurate title, we might call premonitions.

Everyone has had one, or knows somebody else who has had one. There are thousands of cases, and cases not based on flimsy evidence or "faked" circumstances. We will give a typical instance that is certain to recall others to our readers.

Brown and Smith are old and tried friends. They live apart; but there is between them a deep bond of sympathy which has existed for many years. At ten o'clock on, say, Monday evening, Brown becomes suddenly seized with the notion that something is wrong with Smith.

He can find no reason for thinking this, but at the same time he cannot throw it off his mind, and the result is that he spends a sleepless night. Next morning he learns that about the same hour of his unaccountable feeling something serious befell his friend, either an accident or disaster, or it may be even death itself.

This instance is, of course, an imaginary one. But it resembles in all essentials those of instances that are not imaginary. Men of all races, temperaments, characters, and degrees of intelligence have spoken of similar experiences. *P.W.* has personal knowledge of at least one such case; probably nearly every reader of these lines has heard of one also. And the fact that these experiences are spoken of by men of high mind and ordered lives like Alfred Tennyson and Robert Browning shows that they cannot be mental vagaries or lies. There are, besides, too many of them.

Now, up till quite recently this large and striking group of psychical phenomena has remained absolutely unaccounted for. But the distinguished theorist in question has put forward, tentatively, an explanation, the gist of which is that our brains, occasionally, act just as do Marconi's instruments.

First, let us make plain how these do act. Marconi's projector sends out into the atmosphere certain ordered electric waves, or vibrations, and another instrument, the receiver (which has no definite contact with the projector), gets those vibrations or waves, just as they left the other machine. What is it that has conveyed them to it?

According to the belief which the logic of facts has compelled all scientists to adopt, it is that all atmosphere is prevaded by an impalpable ethereal essence, which they call ether, and the qualities of which cause it to transmit or convey vibrations.

Of course, wireless telegraphy is not by any means the only definitely ascertained instance of vibrations travelling. When the hammer of a piano strikes the wire the result, sound, is merely vibrations or disturbances of the atmosphere, which are conveyed to the brain through the ear. Now Marconi get his vibrations, not by striking a wire, by projecting electric shakes into the atmosphere, which, of course, disturb or vibrate it.

And this, it is suggested, is just what our brains do, and not without reason.

Thought, it may surprise some people to learn, is chemical action in the brain; and wherever there is chemical action, there must be a result. In this case it is that electricity leaves our brain, and vibrates with inconceivable velocity on all sides throughout space; just, in fact, as do Marconi's vibrations.

Assuming, indeed, that the analogy between our brains and Marconi's projector is perfect, then so is this theory.

The message of the wireless wires, or in reality vibrations, is realised when some of those vibrations strike the receiver, and for the reason that that receiver is sympathetic or similiar to the projector. And the man or woman in sore trouble, or great danger, throws out brain waves of immense force, which, striking against the brain of the individual most in sympathy with their projector, set up action there—in other words, cause one of those innumerable and apparently reasonless forebodings, which turn out to be well founded.

One fact that certainly supports the theory is that a man will often know what his wife or "chum" is going to say before they say it. And not because of his or her facial expression, or that their thoughts have been running in the same groove, but for a reason he cannot tell. Brain speaks to brain without the tongue.

P.W. knows of a case of a mother running into her house and saying to the nursemaid, before the latter had spoken, "I know something has happened to Tommy," the something being a serious accident.

Here, of course, it might be association of ideas between the mother and the nurse, but the fact that the theory does, at any rate, give an explanation of what would seem to be a vast group of human experiences holds good.

There are facts against it, of course. One is that the brain is not quite similar to an electrical instrument in that it acts not from one centre but several points. And the opponents of the theory have a strong argument in the law of probabilities.

Where there are several millions of human beings, they say, you must have several thousands of these experiences, and by the law of chance, some of these *must* turn out to be true. It is only these you ever hear of.

But one and an important fact there is at least, the theory, or rather this article, should make plain. There is a prevailing impression that these wireless messages can only be received by one receiver. This is a mistake.

The vibrations travel in *all* directions, and there is nothing to prevent ten or twenty receivers getting one message. This in one way is the grandest thing about the invention. The news the instrument sends out can become the property of two nations as easily as one. It becomes, in reality, the property of man, a fact by the way, which will prevent the invention ever being used in war—or journalism.

Bad for the House.

THIS is how they manage things in America. On one occasion we are told that a passenger, having lost his pocket-book in a notorious gambling house at Natchez, the steamboat captain went to the landlord and demanded the article.

"I'll give you," said the captain, "till I get my boat ready to go to hand over the money, and then, if it doesn't come, the house shall."

True to his word, just before the boat started, on shore he went again, accompanied by a gang of deck hands, bearing the strongest cable the steamer possessed.

This was passed round the house, and in and out some of the windows, and, when all was ready, the captain again demanded the book.

No answer being returned, he jumped on board the boat, sung out to the pilot to "go ahead," and to the engineer to "work her slow," and off the boat moved very moderately.

The rope began to tighten, and the house to creak. Two minutes more would have done the business for building and occupants, when the latter signified their surrender, and pitched pocket-book and money out of the window.

"WON'T your wife sing for us?" asked one of the callers.

"I daresay she would; I just asked her not to," replied the knowing husband.

"THE entire nation is sore about it."
"What nation?"
"Vaccination."
"Will you inoculate?"
"Don't care if I do."

MRS. LASH: "What did you get baby for a birthday present?"

Mrs. Rash: "I took eighteen shillings out of the little darling's bank and bought him this lovely lamp for the drawing-room."

"PAULINE, what have you done with your doll?"
"Mother, I have lost it."
"Well, well!"
"Oh, but I know where it is. I lost it on purpose to have the pleasure of finding it!"

NOVICE: "I say, can you tell me whether Slugger, the pugilist, is a heavyweight or a lightweight?"

Old Sportsman: "Neither. He's a paperweight."

Novice: "Paperweight?"

Old Sportsman: "Yes; does all his fighting in the papers."

How Dogs are Trained to Throw Somersaults.

ALTHOUGH it is by no means an uncommon thing to see dogs throw somersault after somersault in stage performances, it is a somewhat remarkable fact that few people know how such animals can be taught such a difficult feat.

Ask a friend how he thinks a dog can be initiated into the mysteries of somersault throwing and you will receive some very curious suggestions.

As there is more than one way of cooking a goose, so there is more than one method of teaching a dog to throw somersaults. But the most practical and thorough manner is to fasten a cord around the body of the animal—close to the forelegs—and two people should hold the ends of the cord on either side of the unfortunate dog. A third party, armed with a stout rope, takes a position immediately in front of the canine acrobat, and with a measured and masterly stroke, flogs the floor at close quarters to the dog's nose.

At each stroke of the rope, the dogs springs backward, and that movement is the trainer's golden opportunity. As the dog springs backward, the rope passing under its body is jerked upwards, and although the first few attempts may prove futile, the somersault is acquired in course of time. An intelligent dog soon sickens of this order of things, and throws somersaults without the assistance of ropes.

For the sake of your dog (in particular), and your patience and future welfare (in general), we do not commend you to teaching your dog to turn somersaults. If, however, you think there is no harm in it, just get a few friends to put you through the exercise, and see how you like it. It will prove immensely amusing—for your friends.

MR. SCATTERTON prides himself on being strictly impartial.

"Yes," answered the unamiable man. "I once went hunting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the rabbit, the dog, or one of his friends."

YOUNG FATHER (in the future): "Great snakes! Can't you do something to quiet that baby? Its eternal squalling just drives me wild."

Young Mother (calmly, to servant): "Marie, bring in my husband's mother's phonograph, and put in the cylinder, 'At ten months.' I want him to hear how his voice sounded when he was young."

Travelling at the Rate of 150 Miles an Hour.

THE necessity for devising some means of rapid travelling and transportation of goods becomes more and more urgent to meet the exigencies of the present time.

The need for rapid communication is being met by the telegraph and the telephone. Improvements in machinery and in the construction of ships and railways have brought us within measurable distance of far-away places; but the demands of the age grow faster than the means for meeting them. While acknowledging this, many of our engineers shake their heads and tell us that the limit of speed has been reached under existing conditions.

If this be so, then we must be ready to adopt other systems, however strange they may seem to us—remembering that everything that is new is more or less strange.

A Philadelphia inventor supplies us with a system by means of which he claims that we shall be able to travel with ease and comfort at the rate of 150 miles an hour.

This is his system as he describes it:

The so-called "trains" of this railroad will resembel an immense Ferris wheel as they roll along the track. They will consist of ten carriages one on top of the other and bounded by the rim of the wheel.

This great outside rim is practically a wheel or shell which revolves round a centre that may be described as stationary; it is constructed on ball bearings, so that the compartments for the passengers shall be comfortable, in spite of the great speed of the train.

The central portion of the revolving wheel train contains the carriages, dining and sleeping cars, engines, and all the other conveniences and necessaries of a regular train.

The motive power of the engine will be electricity supplied from storage batteries, and it is claimed that the novel form of construction of the train will greatly lessen the amount of friction, thus effecting a considerable saving of energy.

One of these rolling trains will accommodate as many people as any ordinary train, and the inventor is confident that the cost on long journeys can be reduced to one-tenth of the present charge.

The inventor hopes to have a line established on this new system within three years, and confidently anticipates that this will be the beginning of a new era in locomotion.

Perhaps you don't know that every ship in the British Navy has a crest of its own. A profusely illustrated article on this subject by Mr. Holt Schooling is published in this month's ROYAL.

WHEN THE JAP IS IN LOVE.

How the Men and Girls of Jolly Japan Carry on Flirtations.

The Japanese Romeo neither asks nor receives kisses from his dark-eyed Juliet, nor does he press her dainty hand to make her aware of the fervour of his passion; but he continues to court the native maiden to their mutual satisfaction, and, knowing no more about these things than he, she misses nothing.

When a Japanese belle wishes to indulge in a little flirtation, she waves her long hanging sleeve, or perhaps just her right hand with the palm turned downwards. Fan and handkerchief flirtations are as little known or practised as kissing, but the language of flowers is familiar to both sexes and as much employed.

Lovelorn maids and ardent swains express the tenderness of their devotion in poetry—good, bad, or indifferent, according to the smitten one's ability. Japanese poem-making being of a rather mechanical nature, bad poetry—that is, very bad poetry—is less common than with us, judging native poetry, of course, by the native standard.

One of the most romantic incidents in native history is the story of the marriage of Minamoto Yoritomo, a celebrated Shogun of the twelfth century. The Minamoto family had been vanquished and almost exterminated by their rivals, the Taira. Yoritomo was the head of the Minamoto family, and, being ambitious, determined to restore the prestige of his house despite its hopeless condition. He was a shrewd, diplomatic young fellow, and one of his first acts was to endeavour to ally himself by marriage with some powerful noble. The Hojo family had always been friendly, so Yoritomo inquired which was the most beautiful daughter.

He soon found that Masago, the eldest, was noted for her loveliness, while her younger sister was as plain as Masago was beautiful. The plain daughter was the child of a second wife, Masago's mother having died when she was very young. Yoritomo, anxious to secure the good will of Hojo's wife, resolved to address himself to the younger and plainer sister, so he wrote her a letter and sent it by his chief confidential retainer, Morinaga.

The more Morinaga thought of his mission the less he approved his master's decision, for he argued to himself that Yoritomo would soon tire of the ugly girl, and then her mother would like him even less than if he had never married her. So the retainer destroyed the letter and wrote another like it, but addressed to Masago.

Morinaga arrived with the forged letter, and Masago accepted Yoritomo's proposal. When they saw each other a most passionate and devoted affection was kindled in their breasts.

But it was the old story of true love never running smooth. When Masago and Yoritomo were betrothed, Hojo, the father, was in Kyoto, and on his way home, meeting a Taira noble, he promised Masago in marriage to him.

When Hojo came home, though he was distressed at the turn of affairs, yet he considered his word of more importance than that of Masago, and declared that she should marry the Taira. The wedding day came, and with great ceremony the despairing Masago was married to the Taira, but before night came the bride had fled with Yoritomo.

Hojo feigned great displeasure with the runaway pair, but secretly he much preferred Yoritomo to the Taira noble, and was easily pacified. Finally his beautiful daughter persuaded him to lend the assistance of the whole powerful Hojo family to her husband, and with this aid the latter not only vanquished the Taira, but became one of the greatest nobles Japan ever boasted.

One of the most interesting temples near Kyoto is the Kiomidzu. In the smaller of the two structures stands a shrine dedicated to the god, Be-no-Kami, the special protector of lovers. Before this shrine is a high wooden screen of lattice work, and when Juliet wishes to make sure of Romeo's affections, she purchases from the priest a printed prayer, which is long or short according to the length of her purse and her opinion of the constancy or fickleness of her own particular Romeo.

The printed slip is folded into a narrow strip and tied to one of the divisions of the lattice by the little finger and thumb of the right hand only.

Near every temple in Japan are certain trees which are supposed to be peculiarly loved by the gods and to be sacred to them. Anyone injuring or causing to be injured one of them will bring down the wrath of the "kami" or god whose particular property it is. If the trees be injured in the name of anyone the kami avenges himself on that person instead. So that when a girl finds that her swain's love has cooled, and she thinks revenge would be sweet, she makes a straw mannikin and calls it by his name. If she is very vengeful she may also make one of her hated rival. At two o'clock at night—called the hour of the bull—she rises, and clad in a white nightdress only, with high clogs on her feet, her hair hanging loose, and crowned with an iron tripod on which three lighted candles are stuck, she proceeds to the shrine of the patron god of the family.

All consecrated trees are hung with straw wreaths, and knowing this, she selects one so decorated. She nails the straw effigy to it while she repeats a prayer that the kami will avenge the insult to his sacred tree, not upon her, but upon her recreant lover and her rival.

What Cricket Balls Have Done.

SOME ANECDOTES ABOUT THE PLAYFUL SIDE OF THE RED LEATHER.

Nearly Killed His Wife.

I was playing for Brixton C.C. v. Battersea, at Battersea, on August 28th, 1897, before about 2,000 spectators, including my wife, who was seated in front of the tent. I drove a ball high in the air, which alighted on her head, splitting her straw hat round the brim and doubling the hat-pin up like a corkscrew, and splitting the knob in half. In putting up her hand for protection the ball ripped her glove right up the back. Play was stopped for a few minutes, but beyond being dazed for a time my wife was happily unhurt. It is most marvellous that out of all those people present my wife should have been struck with the ball I was playing.

Well Thrown, Indeed!

Whilst serving with the 50th Field Battery, R.A., at Bareilly, India, I witnessed a very curious accident at cricket. A party of our men were having a game of cricket in barracks when the ball was knocked a considerable distance. Gunner W. F. Bowden (who, by the way, was considered the best long-distance cricket-ball thrower in the battery) followed the ball, and in throwing it back to the bowler he accidentally struck a large bird of the hawk species, which was flying swiftly by at the time. The poor creature fell to the ground in a terrible state, and before anyone had time to get near it, two pet dogs of the No. 2 sub-division of the battery seized the bird and destroyed it.

How a Ball Found a Ring.

One day last summer I witnessed a curious incident at a cricket match in Woodville Park, Belfast. One of the players, happening to get an "open ball," drove it high in the air. In its descent it lodged in a magpie's nest at the top of a tall tree. This player being the cause of the loss of the ball, volunteered to climb the tree, and being a good climber, soon reached the nest in the bottom of which was the ball. On lifting it out he observed a glittering object amongst the sticks at the bottom of the nest which, on examination proved to be a valuable diamond ring. Its presence in the magpie's nest can only be attributed to the thieving proclivities of the bird.

What One Ball Was Responsible For.

The following curious, but sad accident, is absolutely true, and can be vouched for. A brother-in-law of mine is associated with a cricket club at Pratt Mines, Walker County, Alabama, U.S.A. On St. Peter's Day of last year a match was being played on the cricket ground, which adjoins, or is in close proximity to, the local burial ground. My brother-in-law drove the ball right through the open bell tower of the church, dislocating the bell from its fastenings, with the result that it fell against the sexton who was digging a grave, killing him on the spot. A curious coincidence is that the ball actually rolled into the partly made grave, where it was found.

Chasing a Ball in a Hansom.

The following incident occurred at Lord's a few years ago: Jackson hit a ball so hard that it lodged in a brougham in the Marylebone Road. Palairet, who was fielding, jumped into a hansom, drove after the brougham, and overtook it in Baker Street. He extricated the ball, drove back, and threw out Jackson just as he was completing his fifty-seventh run.

Hard to Swallow.

In the midsummer holidays of 1884, I was playing in a match on the Felsted School ground, Essex. I happened to be batting to a man who was bowling fast underhand. One ball he bowled appeared to be coming perfectly straight, when about half-way down the pitch it suddenly swerved in the air and went to leg. I hit the ball and scored a run, then something was observed in the middle of the pitch and on going to see what it was we found it was a swallow which had been killed by the cricket-ball. I can vouch for the truth of this as I myself was the batsman concerned.

Up in a Balloon.

A wonderful case occurred on Richmond Green about the year 1854. The Surrey Club were playing there, amongst them were J. Chester, G. Brockwell, and S. Bennet. My brother and a gentleman named Coleman, from Effingham, were playing for Richmond. Coleman was a very hard hitter, and he "skied" a ball to an immense height, at the time a balloon from Vauxhall or Cremorne Gardens just cleared the wall at the east side of the green, but appeared to have too much gas to alight there, so they threw out ballast and arose again and went away over the river; strange to say the ball went into the car of the balloon and was carried away. They ran many runs, and held many arguments, whether it was "lost ball" or not.

Bringing Down the Ball with a Rifle.

At Bonbury, in West Australia, during the 1894 season, the first ball delivered was skied into the branches of a jarrah tree. "Lost ball" was cried, but the umpire ruled that as it could be seen it could not be lost. An axe was sent for, but one was not obtainable, finally, a rifle was obtained. After numerous misses, the ball was shot down. In the meantime 286 runs had been made, after which the batting team closed their innings.

The Biggest Hit on Record.

Until recently the Hull Town Cricket Ground lay close to the railway in Argyle Street, Anlaby Road, Hull. On one occasion Mr. Charlesworth, I believe, in the season of 1892, struck a delivered ball in a match, which carried and lodged in the van of a train which was travelling to York; the ball was not fielded till the train reached its destination at that city, being found there by a cleaner. This stroke one might consider the finest and grandest on record, the ball having travelled forty-two miles before it was fielded.

Fielding a Stoat for the Ball.

A match was being played at Park Place, Henley-on-Thames, some time ago, in the course of which the following incident occurred: A fine hit was made by Mr. Frank Suter, the ball striking the trunk of a large elm tree, where it hit and killed a stoat. The animal fell from the tree first, and a fielder rushed up in time to catch it in mistake for the ball. He was so surprised at his strange handful that he forgot to pick up the ball, and the batsmen were able to score several more runs.

Snake Killing Extraordinary.

At Dibrughar, Upper Assam, on Boxing Day, 1889, Captain H. W. Priestley, 44th Goorkha Rifles, myself and several other gentlemen, were practising for a cricket match which was to take place next day. Captain Priestley was batting and played one ball which struck and crushed the head of a full-grown python, which had, all unobserved, been basking on the branch of an enormous tree near our pitch. The skin of this snake may be seen in the museum of the Public Library, Brighton.

The Elephant Objected.

I don't know whether you will admit this cricketing incident under the head of queer, but it is at all events, amusing. I was playing cricket in Madras. The pitch adjoined a paddock where several elephants were inclosed. I was bowling a brawny soldier who was famous for his tremendous drives, a splendid sample of which he favoured us with on the occasion in question. The ball flew across the boundary over the paddock and struck an old bull elephant on the rump with great force. The elephant resented the accident as a deliberate insult, for he seized the ball with his trunk, raised it high, and hurled it at the group of laughing soldiers. Whether he aimed at the batsman I do not know, but the ball fell perilously near him.

A Golf Ball—But no Matter.

On Thursday, May 18th, 1899, while playing a round over the Busby Golf Course, I saw a very curious incident, which I think is quite unique and noteworthy.

From his drive my friend, Mr. T. R. White, got a bad lie just a yard or two in front of a small bank, in the side of which there was a large hole, seemingly caused by the uprooting of a tree.

In his next stroke he topped his ball, and it disappeared into the hole. On looking for it he found that the hole slanted upwards to the surface, and that the ball, in passing through, had killed a blackbird sitting on five eggs.

The nest was well in the hole and quite out of sight. Strange to say, the nest and eggs were quite unscathed.

The Hawk Thought It was a Sparrow.

In the month of June, 1890, at Secunderabad, in the Madras Presidency of East India, a cricket match was being played between the Staff clerks and a team of civilians. A ball was driven up high in the air, when suddenly a large hawk swooped like a flash of lightning, and caught it in its talons, and made off with it. Another ball was procured, and the match proceeded with.

A few minutes later Private Barrett, of the Bedfordshire Regiment, dropped to the ground with his helmet knocked over his head. The missing ball had been dropped from above among the onlookers. He was picked up more alarmed than hurt, but which might have been a very serious accident but for the protection of his helmet.

Mr. W. T. Meacock, of 52 Milton Road, Herne Hill, is the winner of £2 2s.

Each of the following competitors has been sent a copy of "H.R.H. Love Affair."

J. H. Pendlebury, 109, Grey Mare Lane, Bradford; F. Willard, 37 Edenvale Street, Wandsworth Bridge Road, S.W.; G. Robinson, 8 Beech Street, Lancaster; R. Woods, Royal Irish Constabulary, Largymore, Lisburn; A. D. Piper, 17 Albany Street, Bedford; G. Grossmith, "Colwyn," St. James Square, Boscombe, Bournemouth; F. W. Metcalfe, 2 Upper Park Place, Upper Baker Street, N.W.; R. H. Spicer, 2 Ivy Place, Washwood Heath Road, Saltley, Birmingham; E. W. Stanton, Park Place, Henley-on-Thames; A. V. Johnson, Leightertown, near Wootton-under-Edge, Gloucester; S. Christy, The Infirmary, Lisburn Road, Belfast; W. Armstrong, 8, Prince of Wales Road, Swansea.

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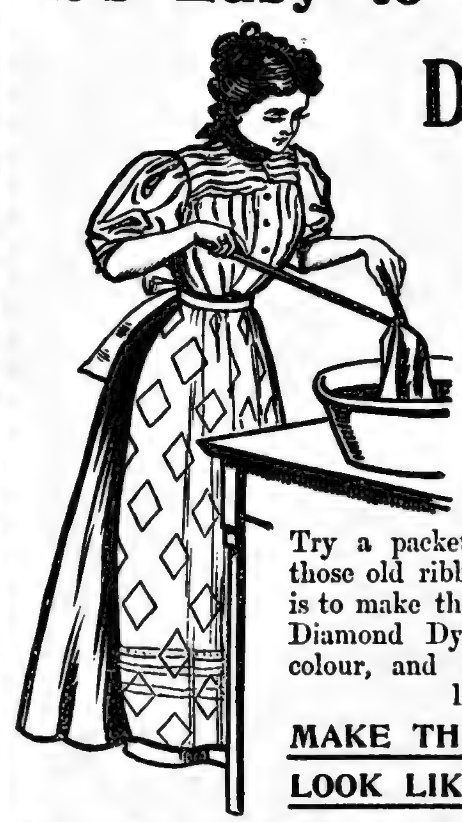

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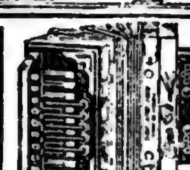

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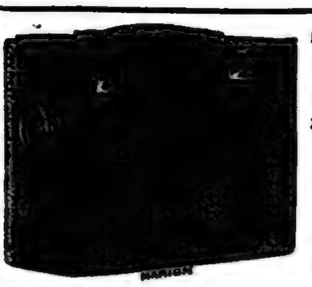
GIVEN AWAY with each parcel: 6 Lace Dressing-table Covers, fringed, one 45in. long, and 5 smaller. Our 1899 parcel is the best Popular Parcel we have yet sent out. Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Returned. **1899 PRICE LIST Post Free.** 300 Illustrations of Lace, Frilled Edge, and Swiss Curtains, Madras Muslins, Lace Capes, Blouses, Lace Edged Roller Blinds, etc. Also Hosiery, "Stand-hard" wear, Factory Prices.
S. Peach & Sons, *Lister Gate,* **Nottingham** *Est 1857.*

THE SWALLOW



THE BEST
OF HAND CAMERAS.

For 6 plates, 3¼ by 2¼ ... 8/-
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NEW ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE, 1s. post free.

Manufacturers of Plates, Papers, Films, and all Photo Material.

MARION & CO., 22 & 23 SOHO SQUARE, LONDON.

£20 Hairdressers fitted up Estimates free.
Tobacconists Commencing. See Illd. Guide (259 pages), 3d. How to open a cigar store, £20 to £1000. Tobacconists Outfitting Co., 186 Euston Rd., London. The largest and original house (50 yrs. reputation). Mgr., H. Myers

MUSIC FOR SUMMER EVENINGS.
CAMPBELL'S Gold Medal MELODEONS

With Organ and Celestial Tone, and Charming Bell Accompaniments.
NO HOME SHOULD BE WITHOUT ONE.
The solemn Psalm, the soul-stirring Hymn, the cheerful Song and the Merry Dance, can all be played on these charming Instruments. No knowledge of Music required.

SPECIAL OFFER to the Readers of "PEARSON'S WEEKLY."

Campbell's "Gem" Melodeon	Price only 6/9
Campbell's "Miniature" Melodeon	„ 10/9
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Cut out this and send P.O.O. for the amount.
Either sent carriage paid in Gt. Britain & Ireland.

200,000 TESTIMONIALS.
Professor BROWN, the Champion Melodeon Player of Great Britain, Ireland, and Wales, says: "Campbell's Patent Melodeons are the Finest Instruments that have ever come under my touch, and they only require a trial to advertise themselves."
All lovers of music should at once send for Campbell's New Illustrated Privilege Price List of all kinds of Musical Instruments for 1899. 120,000 of these valuable Lists sent out yearly. Send Penny Stamp to **CAMPBELL & CO.,** Musical Instrument Makers, 116 Trongate, GLASGOW. Established 50 years.

Have Your Summer Holiday Free.
HOW???
SMOKE
HANDICAP CIGARETTES
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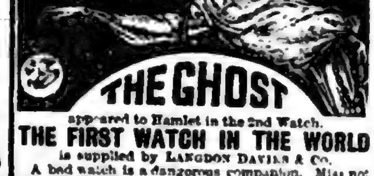

appeared to Hamlet in the 2nd Watch.
THE FIRST WATCH IN THE WORLD
is supplied by LANGDON DAVIES & Co.
A bad watch is a dangerous companion. Miss not this opportunity of getting that rarity a good watch. A month's trial allowed. Jewellery also at trade prices. **FREE GIFTS OF MONEY.** We send you back 2d. in the shilling on every order, or you may deduct it from amount sent.
THE VOLUME OF THE DAY is our Mammoth Catalogue of Watches, Jewellery, Electro-Plate, Cutlery, Clocks, Leather and Optical Goods, and a thousand other articles suitable for presents. SEND AT ONCE. Watches from 8/-; Gold Brooches from 4/2; Gold Engagement and Dress Rings from 3/9. We are not shopkeepers; ours is a wholesale warehouse. Money returned if goods not approved of.
G. LANGDON DAVIES & CO., 121 to 125 Bristol Street, Birmingham.

Something for Smokers.

SCIENCE has calculated that an average puff of cigar smoke sets free over 2,000,000,000 tiny particles, a whiff from a pipe liberates over 1,800,000,000 of these particles, and one from a cigarette starts 2,900,000,000 of them flying through the surrounding atmosphere.

A very curious fact concerning tobacco smoke is the remarkable change in colour which it undergoes after entering the mouth. From the burning end of a cigar, the smoke issues in deep blue threads, while that which is expelled from the mouth is of a decidedly brownish tint.

This difference is to be accounted for by the fact that the minutest particles have an intense affinity for moisture. When tobacco smoke is drawn into the mouth, its smallest particles are immediately detached from the rest by the presence of moist surfaces, to which they fly and lodge.

Besides particles, smoke contains several gases and vapours. Though Sir Walter Raleigh won his famous wager with Queen Elizabeth, he took no account of these when he attempted to show her the weight of his smoke by subtracting the weight of the final ashes from that of the unburnt cigar, and his demonstration would not hold good with any scientist to-day.

It has often been quoted that a grain of nicotine, administered all at once, would kill the strongest dog, and from this have been argued its terrible effects on the body of a human being. While this statement is undoubtedly true, it is somewhat misleading. In order to commit suicide by smoking, the dog would have to consume 400 strong cigars, one right after the other. He could put himself out of the world much more easily by eating the boxes.

Whatever the ill effects of tobacco when used to excess, in moderation it acts on an adult as a mild sedative. It is claimed that after the thirtieth year its use prolongs life and preserves the mind, by lessening the bodily functions of waste and repair.

Experts say that for smoking, tobacco is one of the least injurious substances known. Compared with other well known vegetable substances used for the same purpose, tobacco is very mild. Opium, without doubt, is most fearful in its effects, for the drunkenness it produces ultimately unbalances the mind. Next to opium in power are certain kinds of grasses, notable among which is hemp, which causes intoxication and anæsthesia.

"AND your aunt didn't leave you anything, after all?"

"Not a penny. She overheard me call her an old cat a short time before her death."

"How did she leave her money?"

"She left it to found an institution for the care of homeless cats."

HE: "You have only to command me. I will do anything you say."

She: "Anything?"

He: "Yes. I'll drive over that precipice into the river, if you bid me."

She: "Then stop, please, and let me get out."

HOW TO PHOTOGRAPH SOUND.

AN ASTONISHING DISCOVERY WHICH PROVES THAT SPOKEN WORDS CAN BE PHOTOGRAPHED.

SCIENCE has made swift progress of late years, particularly in the realms of sound.

There are volumes of theoretical explanations of the mystery of sound, but the very nature of the subject has baffled investigators who have tried to arrive at the altar of tangible knowledge. But perseverance brings its own reward, for it is now demonstrated that sounds can be photographed.

At first it seems incredible that any person, even a scientist, by turning a camera towards the transparent atmosphere, could obtain photographs that are the exact reproductions of the vibrations that certain sounds make on the air; yet the astonishing feat has been accomplished, and sounds—that is, words—have been photographed, although it has not yet been possible to take complete sentences—nothing beyond a few easy monosyllables: the rest is to follow in the course of time.

It is well to consider the construction of a telephone in order to explain the means used for obtaining these remarkable photographs. As is generally known, the voice that speaks into a telephone is directed against a thin, flexible metal plate. The vibrations of the voice are then transmitted through the intervening air to the membrane, and thence conveyed by electrical means to a similar membrane at the other end of the wire. But it has been discovered that other arrangements as well as sheets of metal will take up the atmospheric vibrations which cause sound, and among these are vibratory flames.

In the course of experimenting, the plan was tried of employing a flame which was made to flicker by the vibrations of air the movements of which were caused by the sound under examination, and by means of a rapidly rotating mirror, drawn out so that they could be examined and recorded.

Now, the scientists who have been studying the question of photographing sound substituted a long photographic film for the mirror, arranged on a cylinder which was made to rotate at a high velocity. With the film and a specially-constructed lamp, which gave an intensely bright light, it was found possible to take photographs of the vibrations made by various sounds.

It was clearly demonstrated that the sounds of such words as "die" and "sigh" made vibrations that were similar in form, while words that bore no similarity of sound produced entirely different vibrations. Subsequent experiments were so far satisfactory that, after some words had been photographed and connected together so as to form a line of ordinary print, as it were, an effort was made to read the words off—at first a slow but, nevertheless, assuring process.

Later, at a special demonstration, better photographs were taken, and these having been connected up together, as in the previous experiment, and the scientists by this time having become familiar with the forms of the records, one of the investigating gentlemen, who had purposely absented himself from this particular experiment, was ultimately able to read off with comparative ease all the words that his colleagues had photographed in his absence, this feat of the reading scientist being based wholly on the forms of the records. He was able to read them off like print.

You may ask, what useful purpose will this discovery serve? At present that remains to be seen. It may be possible for the business man of the future to speak his correspondence into a machine which will photograph it and enable the man at the other end to read the letter off the photographic plate, just as he would read an ordinary type-written letter.

It may also be possible in the future to photograph the speeches of political speakers at big or little political meetings, for these sound-waves travel over an extraordinary distance, and nothing seems impossible in their attaining astounding results; indeed, we are assured already that photographs of words spoken at a distance of nearly a mile away can be obtained.

Beyond the mere fact of the remarkable discovery of the main principle and the development of some details, the whole practically is yet in an embryonic state, and what may or what may not be done with it when the discovery is perfected is conjecture. Nevertheless, already speculation is rife as to the practical use of the invention, some regarding it as a mere plaything, while the more optimistic look upon it with considerable favour. Time will settle it.

THE poet looked sadly from the window.

"It's all very well," he mused, "this writing for posterity, but I don't see how it can be done on red herrings."

HE: "I can't get away from my business. I'm wedded to it."

She: "I always thought the things that men were wedded to were the very things they seemed to get away from the most."

SMITH (who had forgetfully left his purse on the piano last night): "Have you found anything this morning, Angelina?"

Angelina: "Oh, yes, dear! Thanks! I have ordered a new piano stool, some lace curtains, and such a love of a bonnet!"

"BUT why on earth did you introduce me to your aunt as Mr. Darling? Did you forget that it was Scrogg's?"

"Certainly not, you old goose. But I know she overheard me call you 'darling,' and I wouldn't have her think I was spooning for all the world."

SMART JUDGE THAT.—They tell of a judge who, having spoken of buying a safe, was interviewed by two rival agents, each of whom had so much to say in favour of his own particular safe that the judge was quite at a loss to decide which to buy. In a happy moment he thought of a celebrated burglar whom he himself had sentenced, and going to the gaol, he obtained this practical man's opinion and then gave his order.

THE LAST DAY IS COMING!

In fact, it will be here next week. Therefore, don't delay filling up your coupons. It may mean a difference of £1, 00 to you. A few strokes of the pen and a penny stamp may bring you a small fortune. Anyway, it brought two people £500 each in the last competition.

TO win this substantial sum of money, all you have to do is to fill up the coupon below, giving in the proper place the number of births and the number of deaths which will occur in the Thirty-three Great Towns in England and Wales for the week ending July 1st, 1899.

Then write down your name and address, and ask the newsagent or bookstall clerk from whom you obtained this copy of "P.W." to insert his name and address in the space provided. Although such a course is obviously to his advantage, it is not compulsory for the coupon to bear his signature.

Newsagents and bookstall clerks may sign any number of coupons.

To the person whose attempt is correct we will pay the sum of £1,000.

To the newsagent or bookstall clerk whose name appears on the winning coupon we will pay the sum of £100, and £5 to each of the boys attached to the bookstall from which the paper was bought.

If no competitor estimates the correct number of births and deaths, the £1,000 will be awarded to the individual whose forecast is most nearly correct.

In the event of two or more persons being correct, the £1,000 will be divided amongst them. This condition applies also to the £100 for the newsagent or bookstall clerk, and the £5 for bookstall boys.

One competitor may send in any number of attempts.

It must be clearly understood that all persons who enter for this competition must abide by the decision of the Editor in any question that may arise in connection with the competition.

All attempts to be addressed to the Editor,* Pearson's Weekly, *Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and the envelope to be marked in the left-hand corner with the word: "BIRTHS."

As a guide to your estimate we give below the number of Births and Deaths which have taken place in the thirty-three largest towns in England and Wales for the corresponding period during the past three years.

Registered during the Week Ending July 4th, 1896.		Registered during the Week Ending July 3rd, 1897.		Registered during the Week Ending July 2nd, 1898.	
Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.	Births.	Deaths.
6,372	3,691	7,115	3,106	6,575	3,203

The figures published by the Registrar-General will be taken as correct. On December 2nd, 1898, a competition similar to this was declared legal by the Appeal Court.

THIS COMPETITION CLOSES ON WEDNESDAY, JUNE 28th.

P.W.] *My estimate is* { *Births* ..... / *Deaths* ..... } **Write in large figures.**

Name .....

Address .....

*Newsagent or Bookstall Clerk** .....

.....

*** If a bookstall clerk the name of the station will be sufficient.**

THIS PRIZE IS OFFERED IN CONJUNCTION WITH "HOME NOTES," "SHORT STORIES," "SUNDAY READER," AND "PASTIMES."

You will go a long way before you get another batch of stories so good as those in this month's ROYAL. Ready June 22nd, price 3d.

VICAR: Wonderfully good drink, this Eiffel Tower Lemonade!
BISHOP: Yes, Very— You know many a young Parson feels bound to be an abstainer for the sake of his people, but with such a delicious drink as this one might well become an abstainer by choice. Did you see that testimonial from a clergyman about it?
VICAR: Yes, I did, and there are many like him. You mean this testimonial below.

"I must testify to the value of your Eiffel Tower Lemonade. For a long me I have said that if I could only come across a really good non-intoxicating rink, I would give up drinking alcoholic beverages at once. Some time back I appened to taste your Eiffel Tower Lemonade, and was so delighted with it that I ave given up the use of alcoholic drinks from that time, and find Eiffel Tower emonade meets all my requirements."

EIFFEL TOWER LEMONADE

2 GALLONS FOR 4½d.

Eiffel Tower Lemonade is made from the finest lemons, and the great advantage that it is partly manufactured in Italy, in the midst of the lemon orchards. The mons are taken direct from the trees to the factory to commence their transformaon into the Eiffel Tower Lemonade. You can get thirty-two tumblers (or two allons) for 4½d. The production of the Finest Home-Made Lemonade at this markable price has been brought about by a simple process of concentration. stead of bringing the Lemons over in bulk to England, they are concentrated on e spot, and by so doing the cost of carriage, &c., is so greatly reduced that Messrs. oster Clark & Co. are enabled to sell the concentrated product in a small bottle r 4½d., sufficient to make two gallons.

While Eiffel Tower Lemonade is cheap—very cheap—that is not its chief claim popularity, but its full, rich, fragrant flavour of the Ripe Lemons which makes it deservedly popular with the large number of people who drink nothing else.

If you cannot get it from your grocer, send 4½d. to G. Foster Clark & Co., Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone.

The Medical Magazine says: "The simplicity of this preparation is its great commendation. In a very short period of time, and with a minimum of trouble, have before us a delicious drink for Summer use, a Lemonade as refreshing as easant to the most critical taste, and as harmless as it is possible to obtain. We n cordially commend it to the notice of the Medical Profession as well as to the neral public.

SAVE YOUR WRAPPERS.

£210 GIVEN AWAY IN MONEY PRIZES.

For Further Particulars see Circular enclosed with each bottle of Eiffel Tower Lemonade.

300 BOTTLES GIVEN AWAY EVERY WEEK!

If any difficulty is experienced in obtaining Eiffel Tower Lemonade, send to essrs. FOSTER CLARK & CO., 27 Eiffel Tower Factory, Maidstone, enclosing d. stamps.

Messrs. Foster Clark & Co. are most anxious that everybody who has not tried ir Lemonade should do so, and for that purpose they have decided to GIVE WAY 300 BOTTLES every Week. The first fifty letters opened every day will only have the Lemonade sent on by return of post, but the stamps forwarded will returned to the sender. It must be distinctly understood that a second bottle not be supplied direct by post, but must be obtained of your Grocer, Chemist, or res. Send your order off at once, so that you may be one of the first fifty applicants.

Insist upon having "Eiffel Tower Lemonade," as imitations are sometimes recommended for the sake of extra profits.

THE BLACK DOG.

"Then the black dog got on to my back, and stuck there all day," said Robert Louis Stevenson.

In plain English, he was in a fit of profound melancholy. There are no end of things that tend to make us low-spirited. We won't discuss them. You know what they look like as well as I do. When the black dog want to climb on our backs, he uses some of these things as a staircase.

I allude now to outside reasons and causes, such as loss of friends, of money, &c., &c. But we often *feel* the mercury going down in our mental barometer, without seeing or experiencing a cause for it. We sometimes fancy it is a warning of trouble ahead, and worry as if we had consciously walked over the spot where we are booked to be buried. We try to shake off the brooding impression, but it hangs on, like Mr. Stevenson's black dog.

What is it that sends our spirits down into our boots and makes a familiar tread sound like the approach of an undertaker? Perhaps we can cull the idea out of the letters (both short) of two women.

"For over twenty years," runs one of them, "I suffered from biliousness. A good deal of the time I felt heavy and tired, and so low-spirited and sad that the earth seemed dressed in sackcloth. Everything had the hue of evil, present or to come. After meals I had an awful pain at the chest and through to the shoulders. I had fearful headaches, and when the bilious attacks came on I was prostrate.

"For hours together I would be deadly sick—retching and straining; but all I brought up was a bitter, nasty fluid. About every fortnight I had these spells, and they made me very weak. No matter what diet I took I was just as bad. I used liver pills and medicine of all kinds, but sawdust or water would have done me as much good.

"At last a gentleman at Hertford told me of Mother Seigel's Syrup, and said it was the only real and effective remedy for liver complaint he had ever seen or heard of. On the strength of what he said I got a bottle, and it made me better than I had been for time out of mind. It cleared the bile out of my system and caused my liver to act naturally, and as it should. It lifted a load off me, and made me feel light, high-spirited, and happy. Since that time I have enjoyed good health. If liver trouble ever comes on me again—as I think and hope it will not—I shall take down my bottle of Mother Seigel's Syrup and seek no further. I know it will set matters right." (Signed) (Mrs.) ANNIE SEERING, Wormley, near Broxbourne, Herts, February 3rd, 1899.

"In June, 1895," writes another frank and intelligent woman, "I seemed to have run into a region of dulness, weakness, and gloom. What ailed me I could not surmise. My skin began to turn yellow, and so did my eyes. I had no appetite, and was frequently sick with pain at the chest after eating. I craved food, yet the very sight of it repelled and disgusted me.

"I lost sleep until I suffered from habitual insomnia, and my spirits sank until as if nothing hopeful or cheerful was left in the world. As for ever being well and strong again, I gave up expecting it.

"In this way my life dragged along month after month. A relative of mine, Mrs. Hemes, of Bournheath, then told me how she had been cured of a similar complaint by Mother Seigel's Syrup, after having vainly tried everything else she could think of. So I commenced using it, and found relief in so brief a time as to surprise me.

"This was evidently the true and right medicine for the stomach and liver. My bad symptoms and feelings grew less and less until I could eat and digest and not suffer. After having taken three or four bottles of the syrup I was in health once more, with my heart full of thankfulness and my mouth full of praise for the medicine that had done so much for me. You are free to make my letter public if you think best." (Signed) (Mrs.) ELIZABETH FIELD, Catshill, near Bromsgrove, Wors., July 21st, 1898.

Nine times out of ten the Black Dog is a torpid liver. Drive him away with a few good doses of Mother Seigel's Syrup.

Liver Troubles Cured.

When the Bowels are confined, the Tongue coated with a yellowish-brown fur, when you have a splitting frontal Headache, and the Appetite is either depraved or altogether lost, when you are irritable and peevish, and sleep badly at night, then your Liver is out of order.

Now when you feel like this, and that it is with you not an uncommon occurrence, do not delay, but tone up the Liver and Digestive Organs by a few doses of Guy's Tonic, and you will surely find prompt and permanent relief.

"I was Bilious and very Nervous."

Mr. WILLIAM NICHOLLS makes the following Interesting Statement:

"I have been Dyspeptic, Bilious, and very Nervous for many "years. One day I would feel so alarmed about my Business that "I was unduly depressed. On the next day I was prostrate with "grief on account of some fancied Ailment of my Wife's. The third "again would find me worrying about my Children. My condition "was truly pitiable.

"Believing that my Nerves were out of "order, and thinking to soothe them I "took sedative medicines, but they failed "to restore me from my Nervous condi-"tion. It was not soothing that I needed, "but a thorough course of medicine to "strengthen the Stomach, regulate the "Bile, and give a decided tone to the "whole Nervous System. All this your "Remedy did for me.

"After a careful trial of Guy's Tonic I "have the greatest pleasure in stating that "it has been entirely successful in my "case. I may truly say that I had no "Happiness until I heard of your wonder-"ful medicine. Without hesitation I can "affirm that Guy's Tonic is the best friend the Dyspeptic, Bilious, "and Nervous can know."

The Watts Case in Full.

Mr. JAMES WATTS writes as follows:

"I have been a martyr for years to Indigestion. My Dyspeptic "misery commenced by every bit of Food I took disagreeing with "me, until I really did not know what to eat, and my Appetite was "such that nothing seemed to appease the feeling of constant "hunger, and so intense was this desire for Food that unless I ate "frequently, a low, faint, sinking sensation came over my Stomach: "but immediately upon swallowing the Food, I experienced feelings "of uneasiness, pain, fulness, weight, and distension; so much so, "that I felt almost as if I must burst.

"My Mental Depression, Low Spirits, bad Temper, and Irrita-"bility were such that I felt I had all the troubles in the World. "This continued some time, until I com-"pletely lost my Appetite; the Flatulency "now became very annoying, and caused me "to experience all day a nauseating feeling, "not amounting to actual Sickness. My "Tongue became furred and very white in "the centre, and my Breath so offensive that "I could not comfortably approach anyone. "I had great aching about my Limbs, and a "dull Headache, with a disinclination to "move. My Mind dwelt upon every "imaginable Disease, until I exaggerated my "Symptoms into what I conceived must be Cancer of the Stomach, "so acute were my sufferings. These dark forebodings continued "until a Friend—who had found Guy's Tonic of great service in "his case—recommended it to me.

"He spoke so highly of it, and mentioned how very pleasant it "was to take, that I determined to give it a trial. I assure you I "did so with much misgiving, as all Doctors and every other "Remedy I had previously obtained had failed. Suffice it to say, I "had not taken the first dose of Guy's Tonic one hour before the "distension and weight in my Stomach left me. I took a dose after "every bit of food swallowed, and before I had finished the third "bottle of Guy's Tonic every Symptom had disappeared, and I am "now able to digest almost anything, without the slightest "discomfort."

Thousands of Voluntary Testimonials are on File. The Originals may be inspected by anyone interested at 12 Buckingham Palace Road, London, the Head Office of Guy's Tonic Company. A new size (Six Ounce) bottle of Guy's Tonic, price 1s. 1½d., is now on Sale at all Chemists and Stores.

WHITE'S "ALLSORBO" PIPE PATENT.

Over 555,000 sold in 1898.

Guarantee smoke free from all Foulness and Impurity. None genuine unless stamped "WHITE'S Patent," or "WHITE'S "ALLSORBO."

Price 6d., in Case, 1/-, postage 2d. extra.

Wm. WHITE & Son, Gibson St., GLASGOW.

"ROYAL AJAX" CYCLES

1899 Price Lists Free. Wonderful bargains All prices. Carriage Paid. Easy terms from 1/- monthly. Old Cycles exchanged. 1 year's guarantee. All accessories included free. THE SILVER QUEEN CYCLE CO. LTD., 221 Tottenham Court Road, London. (Open till 9 p.m.)

You can see WITH HALF AN EYE THAT H. SAMUEL'S WATCHES 25/- ARE UNEQUALLED!

For EXCELLENCE! For VALUE!

So much so that they have the LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD!

H. SAMUEL'S famous 'ACME' 25/-

is one proof only out of hundreds. Contains H. Samuel's special new Improvements, protected by HER MAJESTY'S ROYAL LETTERS PATENT, only to be obtained in H. Samuel's Watches. Three-quarter plate movement, jewelled and fitted with removable dust and damp "protective" CAP. In solid STERLING SILVER Cases, the lady's size (as shown above) beautifully engraved, and with dial either tinted or plain, as preferred. SAFE AND FREE by Post to any address with Key. FIVE YEARS' WARRANTY, and BONUS FREE GIFT, on receipt of H. Samuel's price, 25s.

A MONTH'S FREE TRIAL allowed with all purchases. If dissatisfied, the full amount returned. WRITE TO-DAY.

A FREE OFFER! SEND YOUR NAME to H. Samuel, and receive by next post a Beautiful New Pictorial Volume, containing 3,000 engravings and HUNDREDS of testimonials. WATCHES, DIAMONDS, Gold and Silver Jewellery, CLOCKS, Plate, &c., at WHOLESALE Prices. EXTRAORDINARY BARGAINS; also full particulars of H. Samuel's special distribution of BONUS FREE GIFTS to purchasers. Satisfaction guaranteed. BEWARE of credit systems and monthly payments, which make the purchaser a debtor. Send direct to H. Samuel, and secure the HIGHEST QUALITY and the LOWEST PRICES. Write to-day.

H. SAMUEL (Dept. D), 97, 99, 101, 33, 89, 95, & 121 MARKET STREET, MANCHESTER.

REAL IRISH TWEED.

IRELAND FOR TWEED-MAKING AND SHIPBUILDING.

No Tweed will give the same wear, has the same stylish appearance, as a Real Irish Tweed, and for Business Men, Golfing, Cycling, and Tourists, they have no equal. During the dull season (July), I purpose clearing out all Odds and Ends of Season's Patterns.

Jacket Suits - - 22/6
Trousers - - - - 7/11
Or THREE PAIRS for 21/-. Carriage Paid.

Guaranteed Pure Wool, fast colours, well made, well trimmed, good square shoulders, and smart cut, if not satisfactory, MONEY RETURNED. They are worth double, but as an advertisement I offer them at 22/6, so as to get these goods in to every home in the Kingdom. For Boy's and Youths requiring Hard Wear. TRY THEM!

196 Gleadless Road, Sheffield, 2nd May, '99.

Dear Sir,—Please send me some patterns for a Summer Suit. When I sent you the order for trousers in February last it was with the feeling that I should have three pairs of trousers that I could stump about in dirty weather and save a decent pair. I was more than agreeably surprised when they arrived to find them well made and equal in appearance to those I had been paying 21/- for in London. I am coming to Belfast during the Summer to get a full rig out from you, previously to going to the Cape.—Yours truly (Surgeon) J. M. FULLARD.

D. Towell, Esq., Belfast. 21 Holly Bank Road, Drum Condra, co. Dublin, 9th May, 1899.

Dear Sir,—About seven (7) years ago I had a Suit and two pair of trousers, and I can truly say I never had such value in my life for the money. In fact they are good garments at the present time, the stuff never appears to wear out.—Faithfully yours, JOHN C. DE VOE.

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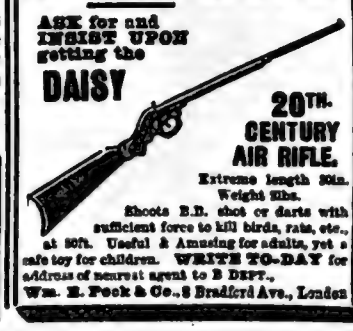

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CHAPTER XXIV.

"SOMETHING FROM ZINCRAFT."

To Doctor Zincraft also that day after the smash on the South-Eastern brought its adventures. He awoke with a singing in his head and a wild consciousness of something left undone. But the effects of his solitary break-down after ten days of abstinence died out more easily than usual, and he had sense enough to feel abject and miserable.

That he had hopelessly failed in the enterprise that was to have won him, as he fondly thought, the favour of Nina Elmslie, he had no doubt whatever. That it was by the remissness of his hireless instrument rather than by his own default would, he knew, make no difference. To a woman of the Elmslie type, the result—success or failure—would be everything. She would give no credit for the best intentions if they missed the mark.

However, it remained to post himself in what actually had happened, and with that intent he sallied forth and made his way to the wardrobe-shop in Drury Lane. But his hopes in that direction were doomed to disappointment. The shop was shut up, with an announcement pinned to the door that it was "Closed for the day"; the fact being that Mrs. Spriggs and Gussie were at that moment waiting in the witnesses' room at Bow Street to join the merry chorus who were to swear Flash Alf back to liberty an hour or two later.

Zincraft's curiosity was whetted by this abnormal state of things, and he fumed at his inability to satisfy it. The worthy widow's unusual neglect of her business did him one good turn, though, in checking his inclination to drown his sorrows in drink. There might be reason yet for him to keep his head clear, so instead of seeking a liquor-bar, he went into a cheap restaurant and called for a cup of coffee and the morning paper. Five minutes later he was out in the Strand again, all his hopes revived by what he had read.

"This train smash may be the work of Beamish," he muttered as he shambled along. "In that case, he may have pulled the job off, after all."

But then his spirits sank a little at the reflection that the perpetrator of the outrage having been killed, he could not have robbed anyone in the train. On the other hand, there was the possibility that the Bully might have had a confederate, in which case the survivor might have relieved Lindsay Cathcart of the diamond and disappeared with his plunder.

Torn asunder by the uncertainty, and yet not daring to compromise himself by inquiring either after Lindsay or the dead train-wrecker, Zincraft hovered for half-an-hour around Charing Cross Station, and then went in and took a return ticket to Purley. He would at least end the suspense of not knowing whether or not the Bully was the man who had been overtaken by his own crime.

That matter was quickly put beyond doubt. On reaching the scene of the catastrophe, Zincraft found that of the six bodies lying at the nearest inn awaiting inquest, the only one that remained unclaimed and unidentified was that of the author of the tragedy.

Professing to be in quest of a friend who might have been a passenger, Zincraft gained access to the coach-house, where the corpses were in charge of the local policeman, and one glance at the gruesome heap that had been carefully placed apart from its victims told him what he wanted to learn. Bully Beamish it was.

"You ain't likely to know that one, sir," the constable said, noticing Zincraft wince at sight of the ferocious features, but little thinking that the smooth-spoken inquirer was implicated. "That's the man that did it."

"The wretch!" exclaimed the Doctor, pulling himself together. "They tell me that he has not been identified; some starving tramp, I suppose?"

"Must be more than that in it," said the policeman sagely. "He had a paper on him with the departure and arrival of the train all neatly written out in ink, and there was another paper as well not bearing on this case, seemingly. They will both be put in evidence at the inquest to-morrow, and maybe the London detectives will be able to make something of them."

"Was he alone in the crime?" asked Zincraft.

"So far as we can judge," was the reply. "There's only his own tracks in the place where he hid up alongside the railway."

Zincraft got outside as quick as he could, and made for the station in no pleasant frame of mind. Beamish appeared to have gone single-handed into the job, and he certainly had not got the diamond, though he had evidently played the game set him, only by a different method. Why he should have departed from his instructions to devise a scheme of his own was a question which occupied Zincraft all the way back to town, and the train was running into Charing Cross by the time he arrived at anything like a solution. It happened to be pretty nearly the correct one, and curved his flabby lips into a malicious smile.

"The Bully had done something to make him afraid to show his face in London, and I can guess what that something was, and for whom," said the Doctor to himself as he stepped on to the platform. "Well, if Victor has queered my pitch with Nina by spoiling my plans, I can hinder him with her, or any other woman, as soon as the cause of Beamish's trip into the country comes to light."

The solution so delighted Zincraft that it compensated him for his other source of misgiving—the fact that the memoranda of train-times found on Beamish were in his own handwriting. It had been a shock to find that the paper was in existence, but there was nothing, he told himself, to connect him with the affair, nor was his writing known to anyone likely to be engaged in the case.

And then as he was passing the bookstall the contents bill of an early evening paper caught his eye and drove all these fears and speculations into the background: "THEFT OF A VALUABLE DIAMOND FROM AN INJURED PASSENGER BY THE BOAT EXPRESS," the legend ran, and in another minute, having mastered the same paragraph which had altered all the schemes at the Grey House, Zincraft was lifted up into the seventh heaven of triumph.

"No clue! no clue!" he kept mumbling to himself on his way out of the station. "This is glorious! Whoever the gentle purloiner may be, I will get the credit from Nina for having worked it, and then good-bye to the Vantbraces for her and me. Let's see; she was to have five thousand, she said, for stopping Cathcart's arrival with the diamond. Such a sum ought to start us in the loony line on our own account; I must look out for a snug place somewhere where the magistrates are yokels and fools."

So elated was he with the fond delusion that Elmslie meant to keep her word that he felt already emancipated, and was almost inclined to disregard a telegram which he found at his lodging, signed "Vantbrace, Grey House," and saying "Want you immediately." But second thoughts prompted prudence. It would be unwise to break with the Vantbraces till Elmslie was sure of her reward, and he of her; and obedience to Simon's behest would give him the opportunity of taking the good news to her himself. Oh, yes, he would go down to the asylum at once.

He had to wait some time for a train at Paddington, and being chary of his shillings, he walked from West Drayton Station rather than take a fly, so that it was dusk by the time he passed up the lane to the Grey House. The lodge-keeper, knowing him as a hanger-on of the establishment, did not, as in the case of strangers, escort him to the house, but with a gruff salutation, waved him on.

Zincraft, his mind now concentrated on how to get private speech with his goddess, made his way for some distance along the drive, and then, thinking to cut off a corner, struck across the ill-kept lawn towards the front door. On the turf his footsteps fell noiseless, with the result that in skirting a laurel hedge, he overheard two persons in conversation without giving warning of his own approach.

The voices were those of Elmslie and Victor Vantbrace; and Zincraft slinking closer into the shadows, stood still and listened.

"That isn't any reason why you should have been so stand-offish lately," Victor was saying. "I told you from the first that the girl was nothing to me personally, but a speculation on behalf of a friend."

"Well, I haven't contradicted you, have I?" replied Elmslie, with a coldness that rejoiced Zincraft's heart.

"No, but I know it must be the girl that has upset you; you haven't been the same to me ever since she's been here," said Victor pettishly. "Come, Nina, think better of it, and make friends. I had made sure you would jump at my invitation—an evening at the theatre or at the Argyle, and a nice little supper afterwards."

"You are aware of the only terms on which I can accept your hospitality in future—namely, as your wife," was Elmslie's reply, spoken so low that Zincraft's straining ears failed to catch it, and in playing him false altered the whole drift of this story. As it was, the little doctor, in ignorance of that stipulation, was in ecstasies over Victor's repulse. For that he had met with a rebuff his next words made clear.

"I believe you've got someone else in tow," he blurted angrily. "You are a fool to quarrel with me if you value your place here."

"You can believe what you like, and as to your threats I simply laugh at them," came Elmslie's tones, coldly dispassionate, through the laurels. After a pause she added, with a touch of recklessness: "The old man likes me too much to sack me, and if he didn't he'd be afraid to. I know too much about the Grey House, my friend."

Victor Ventbrace left her with a muttered oath, going quickly back to the house; and half a minute later Zincraft came face to face with her, as though by accident.

"It is all right," he said. "Cathcart is at home with a broken head, *minus* the diamond."

"I know, I've seen the GLOBE," whispered Elmslie, taking his eager hand. "And did you really work all that—the smash, and everything?"

"Everything," lied Zincraft cheerfully. "It's taken a lot of thinking out though, and it has cost life. Beamish—the man you saw in my room—engineered the accident and was killed. Perhaps it is as well."

It was too dark for the Doctor to note how the Nurse started.

"Flash Alf secured the plunder, then—not Beamish?" she murmured hoarsely.

"You may trust him for that," Zincraft chuckled. "And now, Nina, I have kept all my promises," he pleaded, stalling off inconvenient inquiries, "you are going to keep *your* word soon?"

"Well, not to-night," she replied demurely, but thrilling him with a playful pinch on the arm. "But you need have no fear of your reward, little man. You have brought me better news than I expected to hear, and I shall not forget. You had better go in now, if, as I suppose, the governor has sent for you. Those owls, the visiting magistrates, are going to pay us a call to-morrow."

But it was not Simon Vantbrace whom Zincraft found waiting for him when he was shown into the proprietor's sanctum a little later, nor was the coming official visit from the justices the immediate business in hand. The spirit decanter and glasses were conspicuously displayed, and it was Victor Vantbrace who greeted him with a "Good old Zinc." Victor was in a most genial mood, all traces of his recent breeze with Elmslie gone.

"You old rascal, you look as fit as a fiddle. I trust you are not going to become a reformed character, for I don't know how we should ever get such another useful party," said the younger Vantbrace carelessly, "filling up" for his guest. "The old man will be here directly, but I wanted to see you first about our yard dog."

"But I'm not a vet," said Zincraft, with a touch of professional pride.

"No, you're a boozy old certifier of loonies," retorted Victor, who had no idea of letting his minion get out of hand. "You are good enough to kill a dog, even if you can't cure one, I imagine?"

"You require poison for the dog?" said Zincraft, blinking at him curiously.

"That's about the ticket," replied Victor, fidgeting the ornaments on the mantelpiece so as to avoid his gaze. "And I don't wish it killed all of a sudden either, because the Governor would be in a howling rage if he knew I had had the dog done away with. I thought you might give us something which would, at the rate, say, of a dose a day, make it sicken and die of natural symptoms in about a week."

"Slow poisoning, eh?" said Zincraft meditatively, with his eyes still blinking at his employer's back.

"Yes, and if painless so much the better," said Victor, forcing himself to turn and face the doctor. "You see, I don't want to hurt the brute, but it kicks up such an infernal row that I can't sleep whenever I stay the night here, and the Governor refuses to get rid of it. Here, I suppose this will cover the cost?"

"I will make you up some strychnine to mix in the animal's food day by day," said Zincraft, pocketing the sovereign which the other tendered. "I will guarantee that neither Mr. Vantbrace or anyone else will be the wiser."

"Thanks," said Victor lightly. "Let me have the stuff to-morrow, please."

"And," continued Zincraft, sipping his grog for the first time, "you must be very careful what you do with it. It would have precisely the same effect on a human being as on the dog."

"Never fear! but it is as well to know that, all the same," returned Victor.

It was his turn now to shoot a searching glance at his companion, but Zincraft was imperturbably busy with his brandy and water.

The subject of the strychnine was not resumed, owing to the entrance of Simon Vantbrace. The proprietor of the asylum was in ill humour, as, in addition to his other perplexities, the coming of the visiting justices on the morrow annoyed him. These visits were fondly believed by the Lunacy Commissioners, and by the justices themselves, to be "surprise" ones, but, by a standing arrangement with a well palm-greased magistrates' clerk, Simon usually had a private hint two days beforehand. On this occasion, by an oversight on the part of the venial official, he only had one day's notice.

"So you've come at last, Zinc," he growled. "Had to get sober first, eh? The blamed beaks are due to-morrow, and you'll have to stay to-night and play the resident physician. And there's another thing. There's a gal among the inmates as might pitch them a hawkward yarn. Is there anything you could give 'er to make 'er 'old 'er tongue while the visitors are about—chlorryform or anything?"

Zincraft expressed the opinion that it could be done, but that it would be attended with risk for several reasons. There was the chance that the magistrates would smell the anæsthetic, and if they stayed for any length of time in her room there was the possibility of the patient "coming to" prematurely.

"It seems to be rather a case, sir, for the exercise of your marvellous ingenuity," said Zincraft, who had not studied his employer's weakness for flattery in vain. "If you could devise some means for preventing the girl from being seen by the justices it would be far safer."

Simon swore at him for a duffer; but the hint struck home, and the "marvellous ingenuity," otherwise low cunning, was brought into play with the result that by the time he went to bed that night he had hit upon the broad idea of his plan. To the elaboration of the same Victor gave his advice and assistance, for the paternal idea happened to lend itself conveniently to the bolder one that was occupying his own attention. The words "Lottie" and "a new silk dress" found frequent repetition in their discussions.

In the meanwhile Zincraft, who was not admitted to these inner counsels, spent the rest of the evening in wandering about the asylum, vainly seeking for another interview with Elmslie. But the idol of his dreams was invisible. When at last he took courage to run the gauntlet of a fire of chaff from the assistants by inquiring for her he was told that the head nurse was keeping her room with a bad headache.

CHAPTER XXV.

FLASH ALF'S NEW RÔLE.

"WELL! to think that a son of mine should 'unt in the same pack with they two dratted 'tecs—it's sickening, I call it," said Mrs. Spriggs viciously.

"I'm not nuts on the notion myself, old lady," replied her dutiful son. "But I want to help Mr. Cathcart, you see."

"Then why don't you do it on your own 'ook, and beat the coppers at their own game?" retorted the wardrobe-keeper with decision.

Flash Alf and his mother, with Gussie as an interested listener, were discussing his visit to Lindsay on his return to the maternal roof from Ladbroke Gardens. His action so far had Mrs. Sprigg's fullest approval. In no one had the Carthcart family, and Lindsay in particular, a more sincere well-wisher than in the widow of the ex-divinity of Chanda. She had commended Alf for restoring the diamond

Here are a few of the contents of the new ROYAL: "The Crests of the Waves," "Snapshot Interview with M. Loubet," "Half-a-Mile of Park," "A Prince of British India," "A Home for the Shabby Genteel," "A Wreck in the Suez Canal."

to his preserver in India; she had praised him for safeguarding it during the railway accident, and she had been in such haste for him to take it back that she had insisted on his going straight to Notting Hill with it as soon as he was released from the police-court. She had wept real tears of sympathy over the chaos that Lindsay had found in his home, and in her excitement had forgotten to adequately lament her husband's horrible fate. But she drew the line at the proposed alliance with Trevor and Godbold.

In putting forward her outspoken objection she struck a chord which had already been vibrating in Alf's breast. To go hand and glove with the men who had been stalking him, with the certainty that they would get all the credit in the event of success, galled him intensely. It said much for his loyalty to Lindsay that he had ever for a moment contemplated such a proceeding, and his mother's suggestion was quite to his liking.

"I'd try it on if I saw my way," he replied. "But there is this against it: if the 'tecs and I both got on the right track—or any track for the matter of that—it would probably be the same one, and we should run up against each other at every turn of the road. I could see by their wanting the recovery of the diamond kept dark that we should be likely to stand together anyhow."

"What maggot have you got in your brain then that's the same as is worrying theirs?" snorted Mrs. Spriggs defiantly.

"I can't say for certain, but I expect they think Vantbrace didn't mean to steal the diamond at all," replied Alf. "You see, the young lady that is missing had a large interest in it, and he may have had her put away somewhere, so as to force her, by marriage maybe, to part with her share to him. In that case, Vantbrace wouldn't be wanting to run the risk of any robbery. All he had to do was to let Mr. Cathcart bring the diamond home, and then get the better of the lady."

"And the 'tecs think that if he believes Cathcart has lost the diamond, he'll let the girl go?" said Mrs. Spriggs, puckering her puzzled brows.

"So I should imagine; anyhow, it is *my* notion," replied Alf. "If Vantbrace had meant robbery with or without violence, he'd have begun the game before the train was within half-an-hour of London. I know what Trevor and his sour-faced pal will be after. They'll begin by nosing about for Master Victor's antecedents—find out where his people hail from and all that—but he's been so jolly close about it always, even among the coves at the Cellars, that they'll have a job to do it. I don't see that I should stand a better chance than them if I worked separate."

The conversation was taking place in the stuffy parlour behind the shop. So far Gussie had not joined in, but had sat, with her elbows on the table and her hands supporting her tousled head, drinking in the words of her companions. Now, however, she startled them both with the sudden remark:

"You'd stand a better chance if you began at the other end."

"What do you mean, little woman?" said Alf, checking his mother's boisterous guffaw. He had faith in his sweetheart's judgment, and perceived that she had more behind that sphinx-like pronouncement.

"I mean," said Gussie, with her hollow eyes ablaze, "that you'll find the young lady if you go the right way to work, and without any perlice in it either. 'Cos why? 'Cos, as sure as eggs is eggs, me and she"—pointing to Mrs. Spriggs—"saw the thing done. You mind it, mother? It must have been her as went away in the bruffam along with the little doctor and the young feller after the cab broke down. That was about the time—three months back."

And in a fine flow of descriptive English she told of what had happened in the Lane nearly opposite the shop, and how their suspicions had been aroused by the opportune arrival of the carriage.

"The man in the brougham was the same as came afterwards with that cock-and-bull story about me and the diamond?" said Alf breathlessly. "And she said the one as had been in the cab with her was her brother? I'm blessed if Gus ain't right, mother! That must have been the crowd we're after."

But Mrs. Spriggs was not yet quite convinced.

"It 'pears as though it might be," she replied judicially, "and yet as how it mightn't. How are you going to get over the doctor being against Vantbrace yesterday if he was acting for him in the kerridge? It licks me, that does. And the little man so kind and nice."

"Don't you believe it! He was worse'n any 'tec for foxiness," urged Gussie with conviction.

"Well, why don't you go and ask 'im, Alf—tip it to 'im straight," suggested the widow, who was loth to part with her ideals.

"And like as not put him and the others as were in the job with him on their guard," retorted the young burglar. "I'm inclined to Gussie's view that he was shovin' a plant on you the other day, and that he and Vantbrace were working together. I've got a better plan than that. What does a carriage with a doctor in it, and a young lady that's missing, and a brother that's stony broke, with a pal that's known to be a wrong 'un, lead to?"

"You've got it, boy!" screeched Gussie shrilly. "A lunatic 'sylum, of course. I was a-waiting to see if you'd tumble. That's what I was driving at, and, if you can spot a 'sylum with Vantbrace or that flabby medico tacked on to it, you'll head the tecs off by working backwards."

Carried away by the young people's enthusiasm, Mrs. Spriggs had to abandon her faith in Zincraft, and presently stood to her change of front by taking down the shop shutters.

"I see you won't be easy till you've started ferreting about, my son, so I may as well do a stroke of business," she said. "I'd back you against that jack-a-dandy, Trevor; but he's always got Godbold at his elbow, and that's a man I can't abide."

With which scant encouragement Alf faded away into the slush of Drury Lane, burning to test the clue that Gussie had put into his hands. That she had really witnessed the beginning of Kate Milborne's troubles he had no doubt; the link between Zincraft and Vantbrace being complete, and he saw no reason why, with his superior information, he should not pick up the further end of the chain while the detectives were still groping for the nearest one.

It was about the time of lamp-lighting, and the Cockney cracksman revelled in the murk of the London streets and snuffed joyously at the old familiar smells as he sauntered down into the Strand. To tread his native pavements once more was doubly sweet to a traveller fresh from playing hide and seek in an Indian jungle with wild-eyed fanatics who wanted to make a god of him. The roar of the traffic, the cries of the street-hawkers, and the shuffling pid-pad of the sandwich-men in the gutter were all so many soothing influences to nerves not a little shattered by his adventures. Alf felt at home again and correspondingly confident.

Resisting the temptation to visit haunts where he might meet boon-companions, he turned his steps steadily westwards, maturing as he went the germs of his plan. In his professional capacity he knew the location of all the private lunatic asylums within an easy radius of the metropolitan area, but his knowledge was of the negative sort. No burglar in his senses would dream of breaking into a lunatic asylum, and he had mastered the position of these mansions with a view to avoiding them. He had never troubled himself about the names of the proprietors, or of the doctors in charge.

His object now was to get posted on that point with the least possible loss of time, and from the first he had discarded the idea of personal inquiries in the neighbourhood of the nine asylums he had marked down. They were in four different counties, and by the time he had visited all of them Trevor and Godbold might well have got on the track at what Gussie called "the other end." Alf meant to proceed by a *coup* which, under the circumstances, seemed to him quite justifiable.

Having settled the details to his liking, he walked on more briskly, and made his way to the region of Cavendish Square and Harley Street. Arrived at this nest of medical science, he boldly rang the bell of the first house he came to with a doctor's brass plate.

"They're all tip-toppers hereabouts, and I must be a tip-topper, too. My togs are all right if I can fetch the proper tony sort of drawl," he said to himself, as he waited. "Is not your master the famous mad doctor?" he added aloud, when the footman appeared.

The man seemed rather taken aback by the unusual question.

"I don't think so," he stammered. "We're more in the surgery line, but I'll go and inquire."

"Pray be quick; it is a very urgent case," said Alf, in his most aristocratic style.

In less than a minute the footman returned to say that his master was out, but that his mistress thought that the gentleman must have mistaken the house for one five doors higher up the street, where Dr. Harbottle resided.

"The mistress told me to say, sir, that Dr. Harbottle is the recognised authority on mental cases," the footman added solemnly.

"Mental cases, recognised authority," repeated Alf to himself, as he regained the street. "Those words are worth half-a-crown apiece to me. I can tackle the cove with his own jargon now."

Primed with the name of the great specialist, he went to the house indicated, and asked to see Dr. Harbottle, murmuring something to the butler who answered the door about having lost his card-case.

"What name shall I say, sir?" returned the butler, suspiciously. "Master only sees patients by appointment."

"I can well understand that—in mental cases," replied Alf, promptly using one of his new phrases. "Patients apt to cut up rusty sometimes, eh? But I don't happen to be one myself. Tell the Doctor," he went on after a moment's hesitation, "that the Hon. Mr. Talgarth, Lord Haverstock's eldest son, wishes to see him about a relative."

As was to be expected, the door was opened at that, and Alf was shown into a splendidly upholstered consulting-room, where, as soon as the butler had gone to find his master, he proceeded to chuckle softly to himself.

"The title did the trick, and I owe Haverstock a turn for putting me to all that worry to-day," he muttered, ignoring the fact that his lordship's plate had put him in funds for his journey. Poor Alf's morals, though improving, had not been raised to an Exeter Hall level, and he rejoiced that his preliminary investigations before burgling Haverstock House had acquainted him with the family name.

Dr. Harbottle entered, a silver-haired man of grand presence, suavely courteous, but with a pair of eyes that searched like gimlets. Mr. Alfred Spriggs had not earned his nick-name of "Flash" for nothing, but in the presence of the specialist he began to wonder if he had cheek enough to carry the thing through. He could not help feeling that his own bow was but a clumsy imitation of the Doctor's dignified inclination; yet the thought of Lindsay Cathcart nerved him, and he plunged.

"I know, sir, that your time must be very valuable," he said, "and it is very short notice; but we should be extremely grateful if you would call at Haverstock House in the morning—about eleven."

"Whom do you wish me to examine?" said the doctor, taking stock of his visitor through his gold eye-glasses.

"I greatly regret—it is most painful—but my poor father has been very queer lately, and we are all afraid it is a mental case," blurted Alf, thanking his stars for the phrase once more, and piling the other one on top of it, by adding, "We heard that you were the recognised authority in these matters."

Dr. Harbottle bowed gravely, as though the compliment were his by right.

"I shall be happy to undertake the case," he said, "but I am greatly surprised by your news. I had the pleasure of meeting Lord Haverstock at dinner last week, and I detected nothing wrong with him then."

"Perhaps you weren't looking for it—that might make all the difference, you know," replied Alf demurely. "Besides," he added quickly, seeing that his remark was in bad taste and was resented as such, "it has developed very suddenly."

"It is not desired to have his lordship certified as a lunatic, I presume?" Dr. Harbottle inquired in his most stately manner.

Alf tried hard to atone for his slip into flippancy by deferentially suggesting that the family would be guided entirely by Dr. Harbottle's advice in that respect.

"He has been very violent lately," added the mendacious visitor, "and in case you think restraint necessary, I should like to have your views on which is the best asylum. Possibly you have a list of the establishments near London? It would save time if we had our selection made beforehand."

The specialist, thin-skinned like most of his kind to regard for his opinions, was now completely mollified, and opened a drawer in his writing-table.

"You will find the principal private asylums noted there," he said, producing a memorandum-book. "Run your eye down that page, by all means, though I am very far from being able to recommend all of the houses entered there."

Alf took the book and set his teeth hard, for the first glance showed him that he had achieved the object of his deception in obtaining the names of all the most prominent asylum-keepers. A second later he set his teeth harder still, for he was face to face with the clue to the Milborne mystery.

It was not the one he had looked for, since the name of Zincraft had been in his mind, but what he saw was even more startling. Recognising the gravity of his discovery, he made a superhuman effort to retain his composure.

"This place at Hammersmith, kept by Dr. Speight, would be handy," he hazarded, artfully refraining from springing the real issue first.

Dr. Harbottle gave the Hammersmith asylum an excellent character, and commented in more or less favourable terms on a few of the other entries which Alf read out.

"And the Grey House, Gerrard's Cross, proprietor Mr. Simon Vantbrace?" said Alf, when he had nerved himself sufficiently to pronounce the name. "That is a charming locality."

But Dr. Harbottle would have none of the Grey House for any patient of his, it was very evident.

"Not to be thought of for a moment," he said decisively. "Mr. Simon Vantbrace is a gentleman to whom I should not care to consign a dog."

Five minutes later Flash Alf was out in the street, wondering how best to use his information, and speculating in a lesser degree what Lord Haverstock would say when the "recognised authority" called in the morning to certify him as a dangerous lunatic.

(*To be continued.*)

GREAT JUGGLING FEAT.

Here you have a boy, a pie, the country, and ninepence. The feat to perform and how to perform it is—— well, that is for you to find out.

9D

Write down what you fancy the juggling feat is, and send your attempt to the "Juggling Editor," together with at least three penny stamps for the F. A. F.

CLOSES MONDAY, JUNE 26.

To the sender of the correct reply first dealt with we will send £1 1s.

"An Elephantine Football Match" is a very amusing article, and it is illustrated with some very amusing and curious photographs.

HOW MEN HAVE MADE MILLIONS.

Some Golden Roads to Fortune.

V.—CORNELIUS VANDERBILT.

SINCE the bitter war between North and South came to a close America has become known as the land of the millionaire. The great war itself laid the foundations of a good many fortunes, for contracts were big and profitable, and "stealing" in government contracts was done on a scale never before contemplated by the most patriotic of peoples. Before the war there were few millionaires, after the war many, and to-day the fortunate ones who have made their "piles" in the United States are numbered by the scores. One could fill a large volume with short accounts of millionaires who are Americans without needing to venture into any other quarter of the world.

In the United States the name of Vanderbilt occupies much the same position in the public mind as the name of Rothschild does in Europe. Cornelius Vanderbilt was a purely American product, he made his money by American principles, he had a mind for nothing but hard work, he

Ruthlessly Crushed out all Opposition,

he manipulated the market, and allowed no one to stand in his way when once he got the power. He devoted his whole energies to making money, and he made it.

Vanderbilt came of the old Dutch stock that made the early history of New Amsterdam so picturesque. The original Vanderbilt, Jan Aertsen Van der Bilt, quitted his farm in Holland and emigrated to America about the time Oliver Cromwell held the destiny of England in his hand.

Jan settled near Brooklyn, but about 1715 his descendant, the great grandfather of Vanderbilt the millionaire, moved to New Dorp, Staten Island. There the family fell under the influence of religious enthusiasts exiled from Bohemia and became Moravians. The whole line down to the million-maker consisted of good, sturdy, honest phlegmatic farmers, each taking life comfortably and sedately, and keeping well within his income, and to all appearance the Van der Bilts were about the last family in the world from which would spring a man of such financial genius and keenness of mind as Cornelius proved himself to be.

The boy was born on May 27th, 1794, and grew up on the farm, his first glint of genius being exhibited in the skill he displayed in eluding all attempts to make him study. Although sharp of brain he hated the grind of acquiring book-lore. But this did not worry his father to any great extent. He had the average farmer's contempt for learning, and willingly allowed his boy to busy himself about the farm.

The father owned a great, hulking sail-boat, Dutch-solid, in which he was in the habit of taking his farm produce to market, and the sailing of this appealed to the boy's heart so strongly that it was difficult to keep him off the water. Physically he was strong and sinewy, mentally decisive and self-confident, and by the time he reached his sixteenth year he knew all that was to be known about the handling of small boats. Then he struck out for himself.

His beginning was as modest as his years were few. He first secured a small boat in which to ferry passengers between New York city and Staten Island, a distance of six miles, and as in those days

No Snorting Steam Ferries

churned the waters, the youth's boat was well patronised. Thus he made money in a small way, saved what he made, and invested his savings in other boats similar to the one he sailed. By the time he was eighteen years old he owned two such boats and was a captain of a third. For some months he had been paying court to his cousin, Sophia Johnson, and in his nineteenth year they married and settled down in New York city.

As the years passed his fleet of schooners, sloops, and boats increased. Like most men who have made money he strongly believed in working with none but the best tools; he introduced improvements in the building of his sailing crafts, which increased their carrying capacity without interfering with their stability, and everything pointed to his becoming an extensive owner of the finest of sailing vessels.

At this period of his life, however, the all-conquering steamer shoved its impudent prow among the huddle of great sailing-ships. Others looked upon the introduction of boilers and engines aboard ships more as a dangerous experiment than as the tremendous stride in progress that it afterwards proved itself to be.

Not so Vanderbilt.

He recognised the change that was coming over the order of things, and, determined to have the best of whatever he dealt in, he engaged as captain of a steamboat, partly for the salary that was offered him and partly in order to minutely study the workings of things driven by steam.

This was in the year 1817.

The steamboat's run was between New York city and New Brunswick, N.J., and the situation of captain being congenial to the farm boy he worked on salary for twelve years, all the time, however, owning and controlling other boats.

In 1827 he saw an opening for a better service of ferry boats between New York and Elizabeth; he leased the ferry, built new boats, and began to make money rapidly. Resigning his position as captain in 1829 he determined with the capital which he had made to enter heart and soul into the rapidly developing steamer industry.

Already the beauty of the scenery on the Hudson River had begun to attract tourists from far and near, and a certain number of steamers, ill-built, uncomfortable, and slow, notwithstanding its drawbacks, were doing a money-making business plying the waters of the Sound and the Hudson.

Vanderbilt saw his chance. If steamers specially built for those waters—new, luxurious, and what then was considered fast—were to bid for business he believed they would be crowded on every trip. His competitors were wealthy but conservative, and before they realised what was happening Vanderbilt with a splendid line of steamers had secured the passenger trade to himself and much of the cargo carrying as well.

It was during his war with the old established lines that the public nick-named him "Commodore," an appellation he

Bore to His Dying Day.

Out of the shipping industry he had enriched himself to the extent of half a million dollars before he reached the age of forty years. This was rapid money making in those days.

As his means grew greater his ideas enlarged. He put on a line of seaworthy and commodious steamers to ply between New York, New Haven, Hartford, Providence, Newport, and Boston. When he had this running on a sound financial basis news came from across continent that rich gold-fields had been discovered in California.

The gold find was made by a workman named Marshall in 1847, and led to the wildest rush of adventurers from every quarter of the globe that was ever known. Everyone has heard of the "Forty-niner." It took a year or so for the gold fever to get its grip, but when the rush began the most extravagant prices were paid for any and every style of conveyance that could be had to "the glorious climate of California."

In those years there were no railways spanning the continent, the savage tribes of Indians who peopled the plains and mountains were unsubdued, and crossing the American continent under the circumstances was by no means a trip recommended by doctors as good for the health. The popular road was by water.

Many sailing ships and some steamers staggered their way round Cape Horn, but that trip, as well as the across-continent one, was tedious and dangerous. At length an adventurous soul struck out on a new route by taking passage to the Isthmus of Panama, walking across from east to west, and re-shipping on the Pacific.

Thousands began to follow the example he had set when once they heard of his success. Those who could procure horses or mules of course did so, but the great majority walked. Robberies and all sorts of acts of violence were of frequent occurrence. There existed little accommodation for the voyagers either in the way of food or lodgings.

But nothing daunted the would-be diggers. "To the gold fields!" was all the cry, and to the gold fields everyone went. Vanderbilt once more displayed a shrewd levelheadedness. He organised a complete route from New York to California, and began to transport those who could pay his price quickly and safely to the gold fields; in fact, catered as the gold miners' "Thomas Cook."

His line of travel ran by way of Lake Nicaragua. Searchers after wealth, eager to reach that fortunate spot of earth where millions were to be turned out of the earth by the shovel and pick, paid Vanderbilt his own price, and before the year 1853, when he decided to take a rest and pay Europe a visit, Cornelius Vanderbilt was more than a millionaire. He sold his Lake Nicaragua connection to a company which afterwards, in the most brazen way,

Wriggled Out of Paying Him the Price.

They were still doing a lucrative business, but found that they could evade payment.

Vanderbilt gave them a final chance, and when they would not pay he organised such a successful opposition that he not only ruined the too-clever company, but in the course of eleven years he cleared ten million dollars. Nothing can give a clearer idea of the chaotic rush to California than this fortune made by transporting people thither.

Still sticking to shipping Mr. Vanderbilt saw an opening to engage in the transatlantic trade. Up to 1854 his vessels had been coasters. British ships monopolised the Atlantic, and to compete against them was out of the question, but all this was changed by the outbreak of the Crimean War. So many vessels flying the English flag were withdrawn that for the first time since 1812 the Atlantic trade became open to competition.

Still sticking to his old belief that only the best was worth owning Vanderbilt put on the bosom of the ocean a line of palatial steamers to carry passengers, mails, and cargo between New York and Havre. There was an opposition line, the Collins, but Vanderbilt broke no opposition if he had the capital to crush it. The Collins line drew a heavy subsidy from Government for carrying the mails; Vanderbilt offered to carry the mails for nothing, Government withdrew the bonus, and in the end the Collins steamers ceased to run.

The Crimean War coming to a close British ships once more picked up the temporarily dropped freight and passengers, and Vanderbilt prudently retired from the trade, finding that he could not make money with the English ships competing. About this time, too, he began to lose faith in shipping as a stable investment. He saw that the future lay with railways, and began to invest his enormous fortune in stocks.

None too soon the change was made, for before he had disposed of all his vessels the Civil War broke out, and American shipping disappeared from the face of the ocean.

At the time the Confederate ram, *Merrimac*, was annihilating the Federal shipping in Hampton Roads, when the people of the North were thrown into a frenzy of consternation, and utter ruin threatened everything afloat that flew the Federal flag, Cornelius Vanderbilt resolved to do his utmost for the benefit of the cause.

He picked the very finest steamer from among those he still owned, fitted her out at his own expense as a gunboat, placed aboard her a crew of determined spirits, and sent her off to James River. Her captain had orders to risk everything; more than that, indeed, he was to take her to inevitable destruction. When he sighted the terrible *Merrimac* his orders were to put on full steam ahead and steering straight for that new contrivance for destruction.

It was expected that should the *Vanderbilt*, as the steamer was named, strike the *Merrimac* a fair and square blow both would go down. If only he could rid the North of the Confederate ram Vanderbilt cared nothing for what should become of his magnificent steamer. However, as all the world knows, the trial was destined never to take place, the *Monitor*, that

"Cheese Box on a Raft,"

met and defeated the hitherto invincible ram, and the North breathed again. Congress did not forget Vanderbilt's patriotism and self-sacrifice. When the war closed it voted to the millionaire a gold medal in commemoration of his act.

From the beginning of the Civil War to the end of his life Vanderbilt devoted his whole genius to the buying and manipulating of railways. His first heavy interest was in the New York and Harlem Railway, but his name is more particularly associated with the New York Central, that wonderful four-tracked line that connects the metropolis of America with Buffalo, and thence with the West. Many were his herculean battles fought against other railways and corporations of capitalists, many were his cute manipulations of stocks, his "squeezings" and "freezings" of those who thought to run opposition to him and his schemes.

Sometimes he came off second best, as for instance when Daniel Drew, Jay Gould, and James Fisk began selling him stock of the New York Lake Erie and Western Railway. Vanderbilt wished to get control of that trunk line so as to stop the cut-throat game that was going on between it and his New York Central. The three millionaires named, seeing what Vanderbilt was driving at, began to sell him all the stock he wanted. Finally, when Vanderbilt had as he thought secured a controlling interest in the road, Drew, Gould, and Fisk brought out a new issue of stock, in defiance of law or principle, and

Vanderbilt Lost Seven Million Dollars,

afterwards reduced to two millions by order of the court, which held that the issue of new stock of the sort put upon the market was illegal.

In the long run, however, Vanderbilt usually succeeded in his aims. He was up to all the thousand and one sharp tricks of the American stock manipulator and had a few of his own as well, so there is little surprise that he should have died worth more than one hundred millions of dollars. His death took place in New York city January 4th, 1877.

Before he died he handed to the Rev. Charles F. Deems fifty thousand dollars to build the Church of the Strangers, which has formed a well-known landmark in New York for some years, and he also left one million dollars to found the Vanderbilt University at Nashville, Tennessee. These were about his only public gifts. He, as far as is known, had no time to look into requests of a charitable nature. A money-maker pure and simple, but a money-maker with more conscience than many of his contemporaries.

(*Next week*: **LI HUNG CHANG.**)

[*Articles have already appeared on* CECIL RHODES (462), JAMES TYSON (463), SOURCES OF GREAT FORTUNES (464 and 465).]

Result of "Growing" Competition.

THE following are the successful competitors in this competition, and have each been awarded a copy of "Valdar the Oftborn":

T. Bratherton, Sydney Place, Sydney, Crewe; T. W. Batterbury, 84 Brainerd Street, Liverpool; A. Hind, 150 Willow Street, Leicester; W. T. McCloughry, 29 Stackpool Road, Southville, Bristol; H. B. Plant, Seighford, Stafford; C. T. Baines, Newark; Miss Clara Hodgkins, 84 Villas Road, Plumstead, S.E.; H. V. M. Emerson, 8 Wendover Villas, Terrick Road, Wood Green, N.; Miss D. M. Evans, 150 Beccles Road, Great Yarmouth; G. W. Cooper, 21a Shaftesbury Square, Belfast.

Turn to page 901 and read about the new stereoscopes. Twelve slides are given away free every month in the ROYAL MAGAZINE.

TO BE READ - - - - - AND DIGESTED.

In Switzerland a favourite dish is boiled chestnuts mashed fine and served with whipped cream.

Only 55 per cent. of the blondes marry, while 79 per cent. of their brunette sisters engage in matrimony.

Every workman in Japan wears on his cap and on his back an inscription giving his business and his employer's name.

The vine attains a great age, continuing fruitful for at least 400 years. It is supposed to be equal to the oak as regards longevity.

High heels, it is said, owe their origin to Persia, where they were introduced to raise the feet from the burning sands of that country.

Twelve years ago one sailor out of every 106, on an average, lost his life by accident. Now the proportion has been reduced to one in 256.

Costume musicales are the social fad of the moment. If the evening is to be devoted to Russian music, for instance, all the guests are invited to come in Russian costumes.

Some of the machines for making matches which are used in these days make 200 revolutions in a minute, and turn out about 2,500,000 matches daily, or about 900,000,000 annually.

Since the beginning of the century no fewer than fifty-two volcanic islands have risen out of the sea. Nineteen of that number have since disappeared, and ten are now inhabited.

Calico print works use 40,000,000 dozen eggs per year, wine clarifiers use 10,000,000 dozen, the photographic and other industries use many millions, and these demands increase more rapidly than table demands.

It is averred by a famous Chinese doctor that nervousness is kept out of the Celestial empire by the use of soft-soled shoes. The hard soles worn by the Anglo-Saxon race are said to be the cause of their extreme nervous temperament.

Until some forty years ago it was customary among the Japanese to vaccinate on the tip of the nose. This rendered a written certificate a superfluity. The proof of vaccination was always in evidence, though whether the practice enhanced facial beauty is questionable.

It is not generally known that when a persons falls into calm water a common felt hat may be made use of as a life-preserver, and by placing the hat upon the water, rim down, with the arm round it, pressing it slightly to the breast, it will bear a man up for hours.

To perfume unscented flowers is frequently desirable and in France the method is often practised. The blooms are sprinkled with an alcoholic solution of essence mixed with glycerine, in the proportion of 100 grammes of glycerine to ten grammes of chosen perfume essence.

The power of living seed over the inert weight of tons of rock is very forcibly illustrated by a little sapling which is growing in Erstberg, Germany. The tree is slight enough to be bent with the hands, but is raising in its irresistible growth a mass of rock weighing four tons.

Leeches, when applied to persistent cigarette smokers, drop off dead, distinct traces of the dangerous empyreumatic oil given off by tobacco being found in them. Strangely enough, the same experiment tried upon excessive pipe smokers resulted in no apparent injury to the leeches.

Men exposed to the rigours of the Alaskan winter never wear moustaches. They wear full beards to protect the throat and face, but keep the upper lip clean shaven. The moisture from the breath congeals so quickly that a moustache becomes embedded in a solid cake of ice and the face is frozen in a short time.

The Welsh mountain sheep have obtained legal recognition of their ability to distinguish boundaries and their own roads through their pastures. One flock of sheep fought a trespassing flock, and the court decided that the sheep were each worth a half-crown more than others because they knew their roads and boundaries.

France has paid its last pension to Napoleon I.'s soldiers. In 1869 a law was passed granting £10 a year to all non-commissioned officers and privates who served ten years in the armies of the First Republic or of the First Empire and had received a wound. For the first year the payments amounted to £120,000; last year the sum was £10, and the last recipient is now dead at the age of 105 years.

Crocodiles, like ostriches, swallow pebbles and small stones, which serve the purpose of grinding their food. The natives assert that it is possible to tell the age of a crocodile by the number of stones in its stomach, for they swallow one each year. In point of fact, fifteen stones have been found in the stomach of a crocodile twelve feet long, whereas the average number for younger ones varies between four and eight. So says Mr. Voltzkow, who has been studying this matter for several years.

Are You Getting Old?

The eye is the first sense to become impaired by old age, and the sense of touch to a great measure takes its place, so that it is not at all an uncommon thing for an old man whose sight has become defective to be able to recognise different coins and other small articles by the sense of touch alone, while a younger man is quite unable to do so.

Rough work impairs the tactile sensibility of the hands, but with only light employment they retain their sense of touch almost unimpaired to extreme old age.

The sense of taste is probably the next persistent, for although it is generally blunted by age, yet it is not at all uncommon for the old to have a keen relish for the most dainty flavours.

The sense of smell comes third, but taste and smell are so nearly allied that it is not easy to separate them.

Detective: "You are accused of running a lottery."
Prisoner: "Oh, sir You are mistaken. This is a matrimonial bureau!"
Detective (who is a married man): "Come along; it's all the same thing."

The Editor: "Your poems bear merit, but they are not up-to-date. Write them on something that is before the people's eyes."
The Poet: "I tried that, but could find nothing to rhyme with spectacles."

What Wood Does for Sport.

There is scarcely a game or sport into which wood does not materially enter.

For example, in cricket it is essential in the bat, stumps, and bails; in tennis, at least, in the rackets and almost invariably in the uprights for the net; in billiards and bagatelle for the tables and the cues; in golf for the handles of the "T," the "driver," "put," and other implements; in shooting, for the gun-stock; in fishing, for the rod.

In rowing it is used for the boat and oars; yachting, either in the hull, the deck, or masts, or spars; "skittles in the alley or bowling on the green" could not be carried on without it; hunting and steeplechasing (except perhaps in Ireland) would be nowhere without the fences; archery depends upon its bows and arrows; while hockey, rounders, and a number of other popular games among the poorer classes would be impossible without wood.

C.: "Owen Moore's son was in to see me to-day."
Y.: "Indeed! Doesn't he remind you of his father."
C.: "Very much; he wanted to borrow £1."

"My wife locks the front door and then I lock it."
"What's that for?"
"I don't propose to have her get me out of a warm bed to go down and see if she has locked it."

A Modest Request.

"Will you be kind enough to hold this ram for me while I open the gate? It is fastened on the inside, and I must climb over."

This remark was made by a man who was standing at a gate on a lonely road, and it was addressed to a stalwart sailor who had just come up. The only other object visible on the long, straight road was the large ram, whose massive crooked horns were being held by the man as the two stood quite still in front of the gate.

"Why, sartinly, shipmate," said the obliging tar, as he seized the big horns and relieved the first holder. The latter climbed quickly over the gate.

"I thank you very much," he said politely, when he got to the other side. "You will be surprised to hear that I never saw that ram before to-day. The brute attacked me about half an hour ago, and we have been tussling together ever since. As long as you stand before him holding his horns firmly he can't hurt you much. Good-bye. I hope you will be as lucky in getting away from him as I have been."

It is not known what the sailor said.

A gentleman travelling in Persia says he has been in a town where the bells ring for prayers five times a day, and business men rush out of their offices to the churches, leaving their places of business alone and unlocked, and nobody ever has a thing stolen. But we must remember that those people are heathens. Take it in this country—where we send missionaries to the heathen; a man who went out to attend prayers would lock both ends of his shop, tie his clerk's hands behind him, and have a policeman to watch the shop, and another man watch the policeman. Besides, the man who owned the shop wouldn't go to prayers either.

Boiling Away a Sixpence.

A well-known chemical expert recently boiled a sixpence and watched it dissolve and pass away in the form of vapour, just as anyone might do with a pot of water. While he was doing it he declared that any substance on earth might be boiled and made to become vapour, if only you had heat great enough to do it not excepting granite rock.

In boiling the sixpence it was cut up into small pieces, which were placed in the hollow carbon of an electric arc lamp. Anyone who has examined the discarded carbons of an arc lamp will have noticed that one of the carbons is always pointed, while the other carbon has a small cup-like hole in the end.

When the lamp is lighted the carbons stand one above the other, the sharp point of one carbon fitting into the "cup" of the other. It was in this little cup that the sixpence was boiled. Probably it was the smallest pot and the hottest fire in the world. He placed the pieces of the coin in the hollow end of the one carbon and fixed the other pointed carbon down against them. Then he turned on the electric current.

He had arranged his apparatus in front of a magic-lantern, so that the whole thing could be seen on a large white screen. The carbons, the coin, and in fact everything, could be viewed plainly. Of course, the electric current passing between the carbons made them very hot, and the cup soon became filled with a white heat. It was wonderful to see how quickly the silver melted and simmered, and finally boiled.

It really danced round in the little pot like any liquid, getting smaller and smaller as it turned to vapour and passed away into the atmosphere. In about two minutes the last of it was seen to float away in vapour and disappear. The sixpence had, in fact, boiled away.

Little Clara's parents often discuss reincarnation, and the small maiden has acquired some of the phraseology.

"Mamma," she said one day, "my kittie must have been a paper of pins in a previous state of existence."

"Why do you think so?" asked her mother.

"Because I can feel some of them in her toes yet," was the logical reply.

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will be paid by the above Corporation to the legal representative of any person killed by an accident to the train in which the deceased was an ordinary ticket-bearing passenger (including holders of season and excursion tickets, and post-office officials in any of the railway sorting vans, and railway servants travelling with pass or railway servants' ticket in an ordinary carriage), and who, at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature, written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot. This paper may be left at his, or her, place of abode, so long as the coupon is signed.

PROVIDED ALSO, that the said sum will be paid to the legal representatives of such person injured should death result from such accident within three calendar months thereafter, and that notice of the accident be given within three days of its occurrence.

One Hundred Pounds will be paid to whomsoever the Editor of *Pearson's Weekly* may decide to be Next-of-kin of any cyclist who meets his death by an accident while actually riding a cycle, provided that deceased at the time of such accident, had in his, or her, possession, the Insurance Coupon on the first page, or the paper in which it is, with his, or her, usual signature written in ink or pencil on the space provided at the foot, and that death occurred within twenty-four hours thereafter, and that notice was given of such accident to the said Corporation at above address, within three days of its occurrence.

The above conditions are the essence of the contract.

This Insurance holds good for the current week of issue only, and entitles the holder to the benefit of, and is subject to, the conditions of the "Ocean Accident and Guarantee Company, Limited, Act," 1890, Rules No. 2 and 3.

The Purchase of this publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sec. 34 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

N.B.—Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

I HEREBY CERTIFY *that the premium in respect of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY £2,000 RAILWAY INSURANCE *and also of the* CYCLING INSURANCE *has been paid up to June 30th, 1899, and that therefore every purchaser of* PEARSON'S WEEKLY *is insured with this Company against Fatal Railway Accident to the extent of* TWO THOUSAND POUNDS, *and against Fatal Cycling Accident under the conditions named in the notice above.*

RICH. J. PAULL,

Manager for the Ocean Accident General and Guarantee Corporation Ltd.

Perhaps you were not aware that elephants played football? Well, some pictures illustrating a literally elephantine game will be found in this month's ROYAL (June 22nd).

A Town of Consumptives.

FORTY years ago the inhabitants of Mentone and neighbourhood were a healthy, happy race of splendid physique, to whom consumption was absolutely unknown.

Then Mentone became the Mecca of the consumptive. The peasants left their farms and their healthy lives to wait on the wealthy invalids. Farmers' wives and daughters became washerwomen, constantly handling clothing impregnated with the germs of consumption. Thousands of consumptives died there, impregnating the soil and the water with the germs of their disease.

As the result, the earth, air, and water of Mentone are infested with the tubercle bacillus, and the once healthy peasantry are consumptives almost to a man and a woman. No more complete or startling proof of the truth of the once derided germ theory of disease could well be imagined than this.

Dances on the Battlefield.

AMONG many people of every age dancing has had a warlike significance, and there are many tribes now that so resort to the war dance.

The famous Pyrrhic dance represented the overtaking of an enemy, and doing battle with him. To-day, among the Zulus, grand dances are merely the accompaniment to the colloquial war and hunting songs, in which the women put questions which are answered by the men.

There are mimic fights, which go by the name of war dances, almost universal among tribes to which war is one of the great interests of life.

The Bravery Dance of the Dahomeyans, and the Hoolee of the Bhil tribe in the Vindhya Hills of India are the most apt illustrations. Nearly all savage tribes have a regular war-dance, so that it is scarcely possible to select one as having a more warlike significance than the rest.

All the performers appear in fighting costume, handle their weapons, and go though the movement of challenge, conflict, pursuit, or defeat.

There is one very picturesque dance of the Natal Kaffirs, which probably refers to the departure of the warriors for battle. The women appeal plaintively to the men, who slowly withdraw, stamping on the ground, and darting their short spears or assegais towards the sky.

An Orthographical Fancy.

WITH tragic air the lovelorn heir
Once chased the chaste Louise,
She quickly guessed her guest was there
To please her with his pleas.

Now at her side he kneeling sighed
His sighs of woeful size—
"Oh, hear me here, for lo! most low
I rise before your eyes.

"This soul is sole thine own, Louise—
'Twill never wean, I ween,
The love that I—aye, e'er shall feel,
Though mean may be its mien."

"You know I cannot tell you no,"
The maid made answer true,
"I love you aught, as sure I ought—
To you 'tis due I do!"

"Since you are won, O fairest one!
The marriage rite is right;
The chapel aisle I'll lead you up
This night!" exclaimed the knight.

MRS. JIMS: "Madam Snipper has performed a wonderful invention."

Mrs. Tims: "What is it?"

Mrs. Jims: "A revolving hat; it works so that the congregation can see all sides of it."

A GENTLEMAN, complaining of bad writing, says: "I have been much annoyed with the hieroglyphics that some people spatter over a sheet of note paper concluding with an irresolvable enigma in the place of a signature. If compelled to reply to such letters, I cut out the signature and gum it on the envelope, and address the writer as 'Can't read it, Esq.'"

SOME time ago a gentleman advertised for an office-boy, and requested the applicant to write, stating age, condition, and salary expected. He received many answers to that advertisement, but none as interesting as this one:

"I'm twelve years old, and i'm a orfan. I hain't got no father and I hain't got no mother. I'm a boy. I hain't got no brother and I hain't got nothin'. I'm all alone and I got to get along. Beats everything how hard times is!" That boy got the place, and is doing well.

PARIS EXHIBITION OF 1900.

How to get there by Paying One Shilling a Week.

FOR three years past we have had a plan whereby our readers were enabled to visit Paris for a few days at a very small cost, and the success of these excursions has led us to complete arrangements with Messrs. Thomas Cook & Son, under which purchasers of P.W. will be taken and have accommodation in that city during the summer of 1900.

EXCURSION No. 1.

For 50 Weekly payments of 1- or for 10 Monthly payments of 5-

We provide travel ticket London to Paris and back (third-class), accommodation in Paris, from the morning of arrival until the morning of third day, with meat breakfast and dinner each day; excursion to the famous Palace and magnificent grounds of Versailles, two admittances to the Exhibition; customary fees to hotel servants, porters, etc., etc.; conveyance of passengers and luggage on arrival and departure in Paris between station and hotel; Cook's "Guide Book to Paris"; services of interpreters and conductor whilst travelling between London and Paris.

If anyone requires second class travel and accommodation, it will be covered by

65 Weekly payments of 1- or 13 Monthly payments of 5-

Passengers will leave London on the evenings to be mentioned later, arriving in Paris the next morning. Thus those who travel by the Monday night service will have breakfast in Paris on Tuesday, and accommodation will be provided until they leave on Thursday evening.

EXCURSION No. 2.

For five days in Paris, with carriage drive in the city and excursion to Versailles, the cost will be

70 Weekly payments of 1- or 14 Monthly payments of 5-

For the same period with second class travel and accommodation and an additional carriage excursion it will be necessary to make

95 Weekly payments of 1- or 19 Monthly payments of 5-

All applications must be made to this office accompanied by the first instalment, stating full name and address, and which excursion and class is desired.

In view of the fact that the Exhibition is expected to be open during the first month of April, those readers who wish to go early in the year and whose instalments have not been completed, may do so by forwarding a sufficient remittance to cover the amount due.

These excursions are subject to the "Regulations and Conditions," printed in Messrs. Cook's prospectus, and which may be had on application.

"AH, yes," he sighed, "it seems to be a law of nature that everything must be continually changing."

"Well," she replied, with a tinge of bitterness in her tone, "I have found since our marriage that there is very little change about you."

FOR SIXTY YEARS
HOLLOWAY'S
PILLS & OINTMENT
have held front rank as
THE BEST FAMILY MEDICINES.

The Pills cure Indigestion, Fits of Depression, Biliousness, Headache, Jaundice, and all Liver Complaints.
THEY ARE ESPECIALLY RECOMMENDED FOR FEMALES.
The Ointment heals Old Wounds, Sores, Bad Legs, Burns, Scalds, Piles, Fistulas, and all forms of Skin Disease.

Manufactured only at 78, NEW OXFORD STREET, LONDON. Sold by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors.

BEAUTY FOR ALL

who constantly use Lillie Powder. Its delicate medicinal properties soothe and heal the supersensitive nerves of the skin. Once used always used Recommended by Mrs. Langtry, Mdme. Bernhardt, Mdme. Adelina Patti, etc., etc.

Price 1s. By Post, 1s. 2d.

THREE TINTS—WHITE, ROSE, AND CREAM.

Agents all over the World. Please address letters
THE LILLIE SYNDICATE,
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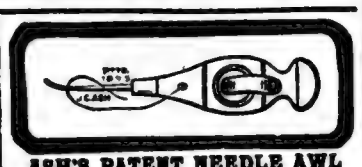

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will put on Toecaps, Patches and Gussets into Boots and Shoes, Repair Leggings, Bags, Harness, etc.; as has Lockstitch, with Shuttle and Bobbin. Easy to Learn. Simple Awl, with instructions, 2s. 6d., 3s. 9d., and 4s. Assortment of needles sent with each.—Particulars and Copies of Testimonials to be had ONLY from J. C. ASH, Inventor and Patentee, 117 STOKE NEWINGTON ROAD, LONDON, N. Mention this paper. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

ARBENZ'S PATENT CORN EXTRACTORS.

A most perfect little instrument for extracting corns and scraping off hard skin on the feet. More efficient, better, and safer than any other means known for removing those troublesome outer scenes. No risk of cutting, no blood-poisoning, no weakening of the feet. Price 2s. each from cutlers, ironmongers, etc.

ARBENZ'S GEM AIR GUNS

are the best! None of the numerous imitations can deprive these celebrated, genuine, and only perfect Gem Air Guns of their 20 years' universal reputation. Price from 16s.

ARBENZ'S MANDARIN RAZORS

with interchangeable blades have no equal for easy shaving. The most reliable, easiest and cheapest high-class razors known. Thousands of unsolicited testimonials. Price 2s. each.

F. ARBENZ, 33 Ludgate Hill, Birmingham.

Some goods are not worth more than a passing glance: it is not so with

Zairoid
P&S CORSETS

Why not Buy the Best. Can't afford it? This does not apply to these beautiful Corsets. They are surprisingly moderate for high-grade goods. Not a day passes but P. & S. Corsets are talked about. If you possess a dainty figure, they will make it look still daintier and more beautiful. Not influenced by such considerations? Very well, we are content to tell you that P. & S. Corsets are delightfully comfortable and durable, and that Rustless ZAIROID replaces steel in busks and supports. Ideal shapes, reliable materials, expert workmanship.

For Summer Wear. For Cyclists, or others who lead an active life, we make a special quality in P. & S. Corsets of Untearable Net. White, Cream, or French Grey, with Coutil or Satteen straps. Delightfully cool and pleasant to wear, and with Rustless Zairoid busks and supports.

P. & S. Corsets are winning golden opinions everywhere. They are obtainable from most leading Drapers and Ladies' Outfitters. Booklet and Price List post free from the Manufacturers,

W. PRETTY & SON, IPSWICH.

HOME NOTES PAGE.

A PAGE MORE PARTICULARLY FOR LADIES.

ISOBEL *will be glad to answer, in this page, questions of general interest upon household matters, so far as space permits. Envelopes should be marked* HOME NOTES.

A Good Starch Polish is made thus: Have some thick gum made from gum arabic; to every pint of starch add a teaspoonful.

When Preparing Freshwater Fish for cooking, if they should have a musty sort of smell, plunge them into a strong solution of salt and water for a couple of hours.

For Watering the Garden one often changes into an old dress, as one gets so wet, this will not be necessary if you wear an old waterproof cloak, converted into an apron, large enough to cover the skirt well.

Celery Vinegar. Boil one pint of vinegar, and pour it over a quarter of an ounce of celery seed and a quarter of a pound of properly cleaned root and white head of celery, shredded finely. Add half a teaspoonful of salt, and when cold strain and bottle. Cork and seal carefully. (*Reply to* TOPHAM.)

For Scouring Kitchen Tables and Shelves, use this mixture: Half a pound of soft soap, half a pound of sand, four ounces of lime. Dissolve the soap slightly and work all to a firm paste with a wooden spoon. Put this on to the scrubbing brush, wash it off with plenty of clean water.

Rook Pie is excellent, and often mistaken for pigeon, if carefully prepared. First pick and clean four rooks, and take out the backbone of each, being careful not to break the gall in removing it. Lay four ounces of rump steak, cut in neat rolls, at the bottom of the pie-dish, put the birds on the meat, breasts upwards, well seasoned with pepper and salt mixed with flour. Place two ounces of butter over them in knobs and three hard boiled eggs. Cover with puff-paste and bake as a pigeon pie. This should take one hour and a quarter to cook.

Dried Flowers. Now that our gardens are gay and bright with flowers many people are drying them for use in the winter as table decorations, etc. They are often preserved between sheets of blotting-paper, but these are apt to shrivel directly they are exposed to the air. Full double flowers, such as dahlias, poppies, cornflowers, etc., should not be selected for this purpose, but daisies, violas, single dahlias, etc. These should be placed in a box of fine sand, with a layer gently sifted on the top. The box should be put in a cool oven forty-five deg. Fah. or so. Keep the box closed tightly for a few days after the baking process, or the flowers will break. When arranging flowers in the box, care should be taken to lay them flat on the sand.

LIGHT SUMMER COSTUMES

are now being worn.

PAPER PATTERNS

of either of these charming designs

ABSOLUTELY FREE.

See this Week's

"HOME NOTES."

Fullest instructions as to cutting out and making up are given in the

FASHION SUPPLEMENT.

A Paper Pattern of a Lady's Short Coat is given away with every copy of this week's issue.

Respecting Parsnip Wine, which you have made from my recipe. When it has ceased fermenting bung it up tightly and at the end of the year bottle it. (*Reply to* HARRY.)

Imitation Frosted Glass for your bathroom, should be produced as follows: Moisten putty with linseed oil, and paint the panes of glass thinly over with it. (*Reply to* READER.)

To Clarify Sugar for Water Ices, allow two pounds of white granulated sugar, and a teaspoonful of whipped white of egg to one quart of water. Mix all well together, and boil for seven or eight minutes. Remove all the scum as it rises, and allow it to get cold before adding the fruit.

Nettle Tea is a most useful remedy for the unpleasant malady generally known as nettle rash. Prepare it in this way: Gather a good bunch of nettles and wash them in salted water, then throw into boiling water, and boil for half-an-hour. Strain off the liquor, add a flavouring of lemon-juice, and sweeten to taste. Drink half a pint of this, when cold, twice a day.

To Amuse a Small Child have a hook screwed in the ceiling over the middle of the cot. Have a long cord tied on to this, long enough for the baby to just touch, tie a knitted doll on to it, or a worsted ball, and the child will ever have a toy at hand to enjoy. This suggestion is particularly useful when a child has to keep its bed from illness.

Bread as Charcoal. Many people are told to take charcoal in various forms, but in all it is equally disagreeable, so I recommend a pleasant one. Take slices of thin stale bread, place on a baking sheet, and bake slowly till coffee colour. When cold, place in tins, and it will keep crisp. Eat with a little butter instead of bread or toast. Eaten hot, this is especially good and crisp.

Summer Cream. Dissolve a quarter of an ounce of gelatine in half a pint of milk, and sweeten to taste. When a little cooled, add a gill of thick cream, and stir it till mixed. Place some stewed fruit of any kind preferred at the bottom of a dish, and, when the cream is almost set, pour in gently over the fruit. Set the dish on one side for three hours, then stick it with blanched pistachio nuts. As this cream is perfectly smooth and flat, it can be ornamented in many ways for a variety.

To Make Mustard at Home, proceed as follows. It is a process I do not advise, as so many excellent kinds are to be bought, and at a very reasonable rate. Mix thoroughly together the following ingredients, and pass through a sieve, afterwards place in canisters for storing: Flour of mustard, three pounds and a half; wheat flour, three pounds and a half; one ounce of cayenne pepper; common salt, one pound and a quarter; rape oil, six ounces; and add a little powdered turmeric to colour. (*Reply to* DAN.)

Soap Balls for Scouring should be at hand for use in every household. Cut up some good yellow soap, and put it into a jar standing in a saucepan of boiling water. When the soap is melted, stir in well-washed silver sand until it is pretty stiff. Take off the fire, and add a small teaspoonful of powdered rock ammonia to every half-pound of soap used. As the soap becomes stiff and cool, make it into balls the size of an orange. When cold, they should be stored away. This soap may be used as any other crystal soap. The sand should be of a fine quality, or it will scratch the surface. (*Reply to* MONA.)

Cucumber Stew. Peel a large cucumber, cut it up in slices, and soak in two spoonfuls of vinegar with salt, and an onion stuck with two or three cloves. Stir these every now and then, and in an hour's time dry each piece of cucumber carefully in a cloth, flour slightly and fry in good dripping with a sliced onion until quite brown. Then moisten with a cupful of stock and let all simmer gently for half an hour. Afterwards add pepper and salt, a little thickening or colouring if necessary, and two full tablespoonfuls of tomato catsup. Put in some slices of cold beef, shake thoroughly together, simmer for a quarter of an hour and then serve.

Respecting Butter-Making. The process is too long for me to give here. As your butter is not good, I should advise you to seek help from a neighbour who is successful. In some instances, it is the position of the dairy which is at fault, and in others certain things the cows eat. As you observe all the rules of cleanliness so thoroughly in the whole process, it must be some extraordinary cause which mars your success. A common cause of your failure is that the butter milk is not washed out of the butter sufficiently. If this is so, the butter will not keep beyond a day in good condition. (*Reply to* AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.)

Cucumber Cut in Slices, and fried delicately, will be found a great improvement to soups.

Alum Water for rinsing curtains, etc., should be prepared by dissolving two ounces of alum in a gallon of boiling water.

To Destroy Snails in your garden, arrange little heaps of bran and cover with some broken pieces of flower-pot. Snails always come to bran and so can be picked up and destroyed.

For Sealing Corks of Bottles use this preparation: Melt half a pound of resin with one ounce of beeswax, and nearly one ounce of oil. Stir till all is dissolved, and use while still warm. This is very useful for corks of bottled fruits, etc.

The Larder of a well-regulated house, should have constant attention, and especially in summer, besides the usual amount of cleaning, stand a box of lime and one of charcoal under the larder shelf. These should be changed twice during the summer at least, and the contents of the box emptied away entirely.

Custard Powder to use with sweetened milk is made thus: Take one pound of sago meal and mix it well with the same quantity of flour, colour it with tumic to a cream colour. Then flavour with essential oil of almonds one drachm, and essence of lemons two drachms. Work all well together, place in tins, and keep in a dry place. (*Reply to* H. M.)

Lemonade. This is a good kind to make for bottling and will keep some time. Two or three teaspoonfuls added to a tumbler of cold water makes a very refreshing substitute for lemon squash. Take five pounds of loaf sugar and one quart of cold water, and bring it to the boil gradually. When quite boiling, pour it on to three ounces of citric acid and two drachms of essence of lemon. When this is perfectly cold bottle for use. The cost is small, and all ingredients very easy to procure. (*Reply to* H. A. P.)

American Pie. Line a greased soup plate with plain short crust made up as dry as possible. Mix a tablespoonful of corn flour into a paste with a little cold milk and add to it two beaten eggs. Stir into this nearly a pint of very hot milk, two tablespoonfuls of caster sugar, and any flavouring liked. Pour this custard mixture into the centre of the plate, arrange a few pieces of thinly-cut citron on the top, and bake in a steady oven for nearly three-quarters of an hour. Orange flower water is an excellent flavouring to use for this dish.

Port Wine Lozenges for Invalids are made as follows, and are very valuable for convalescents, after long illnesses. Take one pint of port wine and one ounce of best isinglass, a piece of lemon peel and a tablespoonful of sugar and a very little cold water. Put the isinglass into a basin and barely cover it with cold water and let it soak for twelve hours. Next day set all the ingredients into a china double sauce-pan and cook, while constantly stirring till reduced to nearly half the original quantity. Pour into flat dishes till set, then turn out and cut into lozenges with a sharp knife. Store in air-tight canisters. (*Reply to* JAGO.)

German Milk Bread. The proportions for this are two pounds of flour, one pint of milk, three-quarters of an ounce of German yeast, a little salt. Let the flour stand for an hour or more in a warm place, make the milk blood hot and mix the yeast with it, stirring in flour till it makes a sort of porridge. Cover this with a little flour and stand it to rise near the fire. When it has risen well and has cracks on it, work in the remainder of the flour and salt, till the hands become clean and free from the dough. Put the dough on to a pastry board, strike it several times with a roller, and then work up into fancy shapes, put them to rise on a baking tin, brush each over with egg, and bake in a sharp oven. These can be made richer by working in two eggs and two ounces of butter.

Isobel

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All advertisements are subject to approval. The Proprietors reserve the right to hold over or suspend the insertion of any advertisement without prejudice to other insertions on order. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly" Office, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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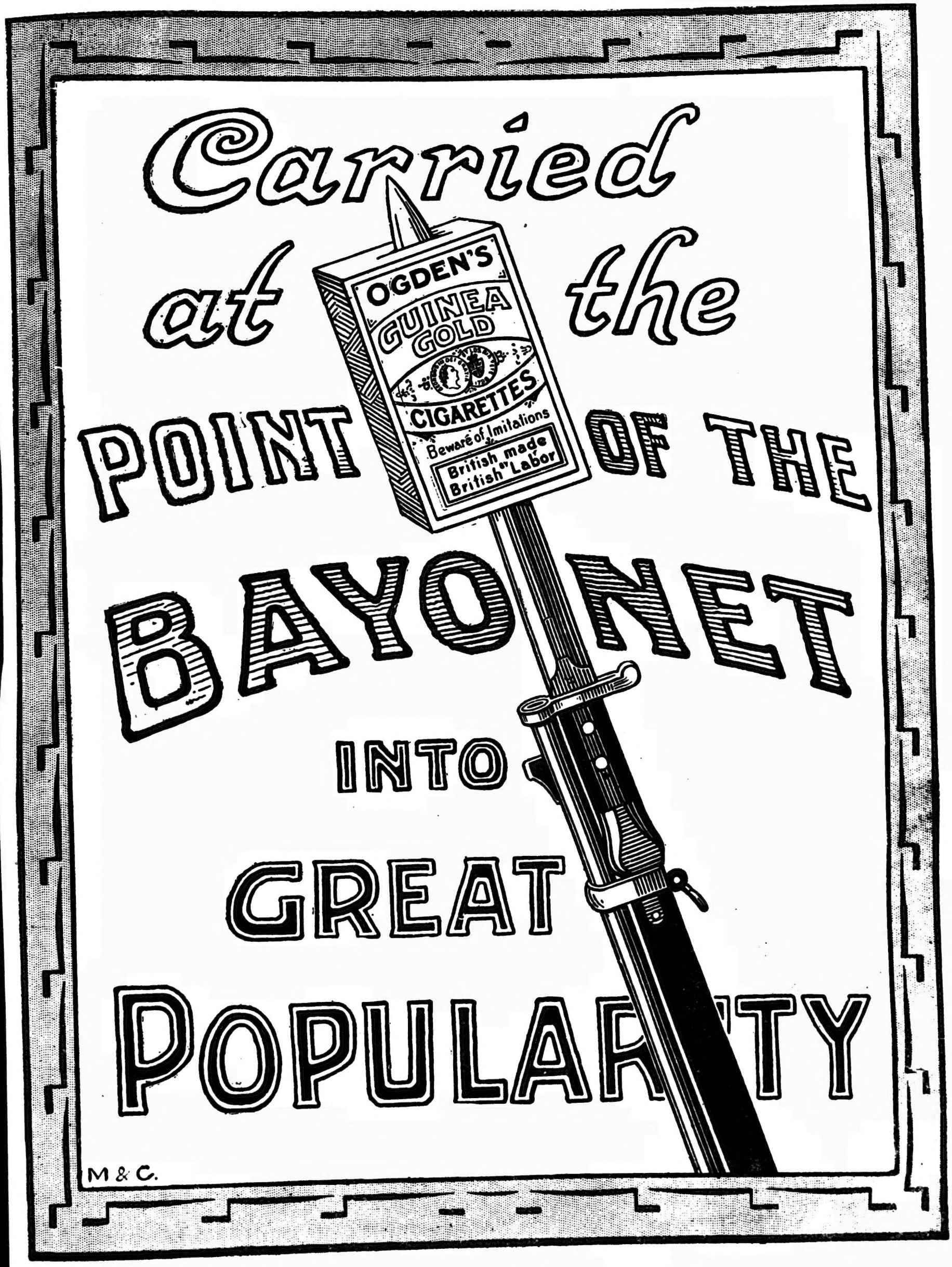
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M & C.

EASE YOUR MIND.

[N.B.—*You will note we have done so this week.*]

JACKO.—It only shows how little you know about the conduct of a great weekly paper. Instead of competitions being of the "greatest possible benefit to a journal," they are the greatest possible something else, which it is just as well should be nameless. I don't suppose there is an editor in London who would not gladly drop not only these sensational prizes of £1,000 and the like, but competitions of every kind if his rivals in business would only do likewise. To the publisher they serve no purpose whatsoever, except to annoy him, to increase his responsibilities and to make him enemies for life with the unsuccessful. They are no good as advertisements nowadays. They are too common. In fact, some of these days we shall offer a prize to the man who has never won a prize, and we shall offer a great big sum in the full confidence that nobody will ever win it. But there are a certain class of people who look for prize competitions, and we unfortunate editors have to part with our hard-earned wealth and eat our buns on the Embankment during the luncheon hour to oblige them. The whole system of prize-giving is rather a sore point with us. If you are a "Constant Reader," you will know this. However, as you have mentioned the matter we would like to take you and others into our confidence. Some weeks ago we offered the first of our £1,000 prizes. It did not increase the circulation of any one of our papers by a single copy. For all the good it did us in advertising, in peace of mind or in moral satisfaction it was simply so much money thrown away. It gave happiness to the two winners of £500 each, but that was all. Having thrown this money away, however, we set to work to try and get it back. We thought we would offer another £1,000 prize. In our simple innocence, we imagined that an intelligent and far-seeing British public, noticing that two men had won £500 each from us would rush for a share of *this* £1,000. But no. Either people are lazy, are too rich already to bother about such trifles as a thousand pounds, or else they think we fake our competitions and give the prizes to our Aunt Sarah in the country. Candidly, the present competition looks like a howling failure. *Pearson's Weekly* has gone up as it always does at this time of the year, but we cannot trace a single extra copy to the agency of our big prize. Which thing is a pity, a pity for us and a pity for you. The inevitable result will be, of course, that one or two winners will romp home with hundreds of pounds, not through any immediate credit to themselves, beyond the fact that they were far-seeing enough to know that the great mass of any people are too indifferent to go to a little trouble to secure a fortune. There you have the whole secret, analyse it as you may. The world is full of people who don't know sufficient to go indoors when it rains, or to come out and bask in the sunshine of fortune when she smiles, and all because it is rather a bother to do so. It isn't often we give so much space to one correspondent, but this whole-hearted grumble has done us quite a deal of good.

J. C. B. tells me the following story, for the truth of which he vouches: "A lady friend of mine was sitting in a railway carriage waiting for the train to start. Presently, a young couple, apparently in the throes of an engagement, came to the carriage door talking very earnestly together. When the train was about to start they fondly embraced, and the lady entered the carriage alone. Shortly afterwards she burst into tears, and my friend, after a little conversation, elicited the fact that the young couple had just been married that morning. 'My husband,' said the sorrowing girl, 'is too poor to go on a honeymoon, but he thinks it only right that one of us should go, and he is sending me to the seaside for a fortnight.'"——Wild horses shall not drag from me the name of the place to which this poor lone little bride is dragging out her sunless honeymoon.

CYCLOS comes to me with a grievance which he thinks I ought to make known on this page, so that my readers may refute the charge he makes, "if they can," he adds. "Does cycling make people selfish?" is the question he propounds; then he proceeds, as he says, to prove that it does. "Watch a cyclist, and you will find that he has no thought for anybody or anything but his own enjoyment. My observation has been largely made in Battersea Park, where one sees riders of all classes, from the aristocrat to the domestic servant and the labourer. Everybody has to stand aside for the cyclist, whether the rider be male or female. He will dash round the corners without the slightest regard for the fact that women or little children are crossing the road round the bend. The L.C.C. gave them a small portion of a nice promenade in Battersea Park for learning, yet it actually had to put up a railing and paste up notices to prevent them from encroaching further. The park is a place for enjoyment, yet the Council had to put up notices against scorching. Could there be a more eloquent denunciation of the selfishness of cyclists? My charge is directed against them as cyclists, and I admit that the few cyclists I know are very good fellows in private. But if the excitement of riding induces selfishness in one capacity, it will in time cause it in the other capacity. Now let them 'go for' me."——I shall be glad to hear the opinions of my readers on this point. I am inclined to think that CYCLOS is not one of those who hold forth against the bikist because he is not a rider himself, but is genuinely possessed by the belief which he enunciates. I will give one of the excellent stereoscopes mentioned on page 901 of this number to each of the fifty readers who send in the best answers. Envelopes to be marked "CYCLOS," and reach this office by June 26th.

J. KERR writes as follows: "About the year 1864 I was in London looking for work, and got employment for a short time in a ship-yard on the 'Isle of Dogs.' The firm were building two boats called the 'Cigar Boats,' owing to their shape. As I have never heard anything about them since, I would esteem it a favour if you could inform me what they were intended for. Did they realise the expectation of their designer?"——Yes, we can give you the information you want. The boats you mention were built by Hepworth from designs by Mr. Winan. One of the boats was launched on the Thames on February 19th, 1866. They were intended for steam launches. It is rather late in the day to say whether they realised the expectations of their designer or not. Probably they did not.

ACCORDING to A. H. F. there is at Knotty Ash, just outside Liverpool, a public-house, on the outside of which is fixed a drinking-fountain, with the legend inscribed: "Water's Best."——That is about the most ironical statement I have seen for some time.

THE communication from GAULOIS, recently printed on this page, has brought a large number of letters in reply. Many of my correspondents think that we should adopt the practice of writing "foreign" with a capital, their reason being that it would be complimentary and cost nothing. "It certainly must be rather irritating to a native of another country to see us write 'Colonial' and 'foreign' in the same sentence." So writes L. R. But others are quite against any alteration. G. H., for instance, after pointing out that the difference is due to a rule of grammar, calls attention to the fact that the Frenchman writes the adjective *étranger* with a small letter. He justifies the use of a capital in "Colonial" by saying that adjectives based on the names of places and persons take a big initial; and he finally points out that "foreign" also takes a capital at times, as in "Foreign Office." But I am afraid that G. H.'s arguments will not satisfy GAULOIS. His use of the small letter in the adjective *étranger* is consistent; he writes "french." "Colonial" does not indicate a place with any more definiteness than "foreign," and we must admit that we are actuated by politeness. And we write "foreign" with a capital in "Foreign Office" because it forms part of a title. The Frenchman would do the same, as in "Hôtel des Étrangers." F. G. makes the best score against my correspondent; he says that the French themselves, in speaking of the people of other countries would do exactly the same as we—they would write "Frenchmen and foreigners."

INSPIRED's contempt for the fair sex is ill-concealed in the suggestion that ladies' hats and bonnets should be provided with a small spirit level, so placed that the wearer may at a glance see that her hat is on straight. It can be covered with fal-lals so that it might be visible only to the wearer. It would also furnish occupation for the feminine mind to watch the bubble and take care that it doesn't deviate from the centre.——A frivolous suggestion, yet with a germ of common sense. Nothing in this wide, wicked world of ours tortures the female mind more cruelly than the horrible thought that the arrangement covering the aforesaid mind is a fraction of an inch out of the straight. All that is wanted to complete the scheme is a small looking-glass attached to a leather bracelet.

ONE of my little friends, Nancy Johnson, of Ayr, in promising to collect subscriptions for the FRESH AIR FUND, mentions that her grandfather tells a good story of a Petticoat Dan, who was mentioned on this page a few weeks ago. He was sent one Wednesday night with a letter to a neighbour's house. The servant gave him a lantern so that he could see his way along the dark avenue. When he reached the end he blew out the light, returned to the house, gave up the lantern, and said that he had seen all the way. Bright man, that!

MASTER WILLIE MOTTASHAW asks me to put his letter in the last page of *P.W.* in order that he may show it to people when he collects for the FRESH AIR FUND. What he says is: "I am sending ten shillings for the F.A.F. which I have collected on the inclosed sheet. I collected three and sixpence last year. This is my tenth birthday, and I hope some of the little ones will enjoy themselves as I shall. I am in the fourth standard. It is our examination next week, and if I pass I shall be in the fifth standard. I hope you will get up the money you want." This ten-year-old champion of the F.A.F. hails from Creiff, N.B.

LAST week I asked for the names and addresses of a thousand persons sufficiently interested in the FRESH AIR FUND to endeavour to collect £1 annually for it. This week I shall be glad if a thousand tradesmen will give me their names as willing to exhibit a collecting sheet in their shop during one week, and whenever possible call the attention of their customers to it. Brought face to face with the Fund in this way, I am quite sure many would be glad to have the opportunity of adding odd halfpennies and pennies given to them as change. I should like the collecting sheets to be hung up during the week ending July 8th, and on receipt of an intimation from a tradesman, a collecting form shall be sent off.

THE FRESH AIR FUND treats are now in full swing in some of the provincial towns, and up to the time of writing everything has gone off as satisfactorily as one could wish. The clerk of the weather in particular has been very good. The fact that the excursions have started does not, of course, mean that we have received sufficient money, far from it. If the programme is to be carried out we must get hold of £2,800 more than we now have. So if the nimble ninepence is still burning a hole in your pocket, please send it along at once. At any rate, you will be the means of making one child happy.

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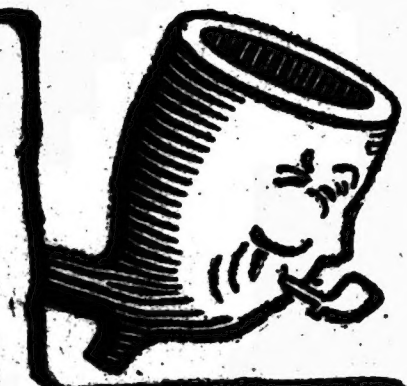

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